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## Next week

IT'S No. 1 vs. No. 2, the Corn-bashers vs. the Crimson Tide, as the Orange Bowl settles for good the championship of college football '71. Dan Jenkins tells who hit whom with what.

No. 2 IS NOWHERE among the pros, however, as playoff champions Baltimore, Miami, Dallas and San Francisco contend for the only rating that counts now: a Super Bowl spot.

UP AGAINST SOMETHING for the first time this season, high-scoring UCLA faces a challenge from once-beaten Ohio State in a basketball battle royal. William F. Reed reports.

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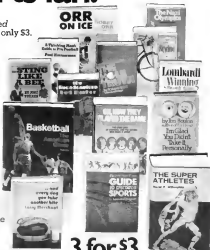
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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## BOBBY

These close to him say Bobby Jones preferred to be called Bob, but the diminutive survived through the years because of the warm affection the general public felt for this exceptional man. One of the handful of titans who dominated sport in its so-called Golden Age—the time of Ruth, Dempsey, Tunney and the rest—Jones was of a markedly different pattern. In a rowdy, brawling, money-hungry era, he was quiet, gentlemanly, amateur. Yet no one in sport was more competitive than he, no one more successful. The paradox was irresistible.

Significantly, none of the others did as much for his sport as Jones. When they ended their active careers they left behind glittering records, amazing feats, stories to be told over and over again, but all that they had to give was already given. Jones, on the other hand, gave golf two of its continuing treasures after his retirement from competition at the age of 28. One is the Augusta National golf course, a living museum of the sport that Jones conceived and helped to design, and with which he was closely associated until his death. The other is the Masters Tournament, one of the four major championships in golf. The Masters was Jones' own idea, and its development into the distinguished position it holds today was a direct result of his interest and influence.

What a legacy to leave. What a man he was.

## SYNTHETIC INJURIES

Despite reports to the contrary, the only football injuries that can be directly related to artificial turf are abrasions and burns from falling and skidding on the plastic surface. A 1968 report claimed that artificial grass reduced knee and ankle injuries by 80%. A 1970 report said it was the other way around: injuries were up 50%. Dr. Harry H. Kretzler Jr. now declares that his own four-year study disagrees with both the earlier

reports. As far as he can tell, from his comparison of AstroTurf and a soft, slow grass field, the turf neither reduces nor increases the number of injuries. He says the generally better footing on artificial turf, which allows players to run at greater speed, contributes to greater impact. But even so, most injuries stem from the violent nature of the game, not from the surface it is played upon.

Stressing that all studies so far, including his own, are not comprehensive enough to be the last word on the subject, Dr. Kretzler says no factual evidence exists to indicate more injuries in football now than in previous decades. If subsequent studies show that there are indeed more injuries, he suggests that it is probably because today's players are bigger and faster and are trained to hit each other harder. A few rule changes, he says, or stricter adherence to existing rules, would do more to reduce injuries than altering the surface of the field.

## A SHOWER FOR CAESAR

Baseball is a surprisingly active sport in Europe, if not yet up to the high level of the game as it is played in Japan and Latin America. The European baseball championship held in Bologna this past fall had some rather bizarre scores, particularly when the class teams, The Netherlands and Italy, were involved. The Netherlands, for instance, edged Belgium 20-1 and France 21-0. Italy took England 21-0 and San Marino 24-0. Italy's hopes rode on the arm of a pitcher with the all-but-unbeatable name of Julius Caesar Glorioso, but not even Caesar could stop the versatile Dutch, who beat Italy in the final 7-3.

## DELAYED REACTION

Nothing much was hurt or damaged in the underground nuclear explosion on Amchitka Island on Nov. 6—or, at least, nothing appeared to be at the time. But bodies of dead sea otters, presumably killed by the blast, are now washing

ashore. Alaska fish and game officials and biologists hired by the Atomic Energy Commission estimate that 15% of the sea otter population, or as many as 1,000 animals, may have been destroyed. If you are of cynical bent, this misfortune can be glossed over because the otters were flourishing before the blast and, in time, will renew their numbers. Happy New Year.

## UP FROM ACADEME

Most major league baseball coaches are either old friends of the manager, ex-coaches, one-time managers themselves who have stepped down a peg or, occasionally, hardworking old ballplayers with aspirations to become managers themselves someday. Now the California Angels have broken the pattern and have gone into the college ranks to hire what could be called a teaching pro. Signed on as an assistant to new Manager Del Rice is Bobby Winkles, the very successful head baseball coach of Arizona State (SI, June 30, 1969).



Winkles, 41, played a little minor league ball, but when it was obvious that he was not going to make it to the majors he took his master's degree in hand and applied for the coaching job at Arizona State. In 13 years there, he had a .752 winning percentage, won the College World Series at Omaha three times (1965, 1967 and 1969) and produced ballplayers like Reggie Jackson, Rick Monday, Sal Bando, Gary Gentry, Duffy Dyer and Joe Keough, all of whom went on to the majors. Harry Dalton,

*continued*



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the new California general manager who hired Winkles, says, "Bobby is an outstanding instructor with particular strength in the areas of organization, training and discipline." What Dalton means is Winkles not only can teach baseball, he knows how to get along with the New Youth, the sometimes far-out generation that so often antagonizes and confuses old-line baseball men. Since the Angels were a morass of chaos and disorder last year, it is obvious what one of Winkles' major duties will be.

#### THE WAY IT IS UP THERE

When a prominent athlete pops off in public he is almost automatically subject to indignant disapproval. Never mind the tedium of stopping to sign autograph after autograph every time you walk across a hotel lobby, nor the need to answer politely when you are asked the same dumb question or get the same comment for the—literally—thousandth time. Yet the ordeal this can be is testified to by a man who closely observed Kareem Jabbar during a recent Buck road trip to Atlanta. From the moment of the team's arrival at the airport until the 7' 2" center checked into his room at a downtown hotel, 32 people made some quip or statement to him about his height.

#### SUGAR

When New Orleans finishes building its trillion-dollar domed stadium, the Sugar Bowl will go into eclipse, or molasses, or whatever happens to old sugar bowls. But the new stadium, preening its superscoreboard, its plush boxes, its splendid roof, will never be able to match the old Sugar Bowl for financial sweetness. Originally Tulane Stadium, with a capacity of 23,204, the renamed Sugar Bowl was increased in stages to its present capacity of 80,985 for a total cost of \$1,568,780.49, which wouldn't pay for the construction workers' hero sandwiches today. Years ago the Sugar Bowl people committed themselves to retiring at least \$25,000 in bonds each year. The 1970 payment reduced the outstanding debt to slightly more than \$10,000, and that pitance is about to be wiped out. Here's how it went:

In 1937 a loan of \$164,000 permitted an increase in capacity to 37,574. This obligation was paid in full in 1943. In 1939, a \$550,000 debenture bond issue provided funds for jumping the capacity

to 67,738. The accrued bond debt of \$643,000 was paid off by 1955. In 1947 another \$500,000 bond issue allowed the final rise in capacity to 80,985. The total cost was \$707,000, and this is the debt that will be paid in full after this weekend's Sugar Bowl game. Other relatively minor expenditures raised the total cost of the Sugar Bowl reconstruction over the years to the final \$1.5 million figure.

In the 37 years of its existence the Sugar Bowl has also distributed a total of more than \$10 million to the colleges and conferences whose football teams have played in the bowl games there. Teams in the Sugar Bowl basketball tournament have earned \$636,000. And taxes over the years from Sugar Bowl tickets totaled \$2,461,840.57.

That's quite a store they've been running down in New Orleans.

#### ANGRY MAN

Furious Fred Glover, coach of hockey's Los Angeles Kings, does not think expansion of the National Hockey League into Atlanta and Long Island will dilute the quality of the game. "It couldn't possibly become worse than it is now," snaps Glover, who was a fiery competitor when he was a player with the Cleveland Barons of the American Hockey League. "It's almost impossible to charge up a team anymore. The players simply don't care. It's not that they're quitters—they don't care. They won't mix it up. They won't fight. The only time you see a good body check today is when two players from the same team collide accidentally."

"The players have become smilers. They say, 'Why should we hit each other? We've got our players' associations.' They expect everything to be handed to them today."

#### CHANGING TIMES

The University of Tennessee has a freshman athlete named Condredge Holloway who are likely to hear about next fall. Only 5' 11" and 170, the 18-year-old Holloway is an athletic genius who deliberated for four months before turning down a reported \$100,000 to sign a professional baseball contract with the Montreal Expos. Tennessee's coaches won't commit themselves this early, but all the evidence indicates that young Holloway will be Tennessee's No. 1 quarterback next season. He will also be the first

black quarterback in Tennessee's history.

Deeper in the South, Mississippi State has a 6' 1", 180-pound black freshman football player from Biloxi named Melvin Barkum. Barkum, a cousin of the Detroit Lions' Lem Barney, turned down scholarships from more than 50 major schools, including Notre Dame, Michigan State and half the Southeastern Conference, in order to attend Mississippi State. He, too, is a quarterback and is expected to be No. 1 man at the position as a sophomore.

The University of Alabama does not have a black quarterback on deck, but it does have three outstanding black players on its varsity basketball team—Wendell Hudson, Raymond Odums and Ernest Odum, all from Birmingham—and this year "Bama almost certainly will have three blacks and two whites on the floor at times. Moreover, the Tide has a 6' 5" black freshman named Charles Cleveland, who was considered one of the best high school players in the country.

Admittedly, it is still not the best of all possible worlds but at least it is a changing one.

#### 'TIS THE SEASON

Couple of holiday hunting items. In Birmingham the Domestic Sewing Center gave away a free Winchester or Remington rifle or shotgun to any customer buying a new sewing machine. In Monticello, N.Y., the Sullivan County Sportsmen's Council ate roast beef at its annual venison dinner because only one of the 200 members managed to shoot a deer this past year.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Shelby Metcalfe, Texas A&M basketball coach, after his team lost to UCLA 117-53: "I was asked if our kids were awed. I don't know about our kids, but that was the first time during a game I ever started thinking about the 23rd Psalm."

• Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburgh Steeler quarterback: "I got an odd letter the other day. Some kid asked me for three footballs, 12 jerseys, one pair of cleats, a car and \$10,000 in small bills. He also wanted my autograph."

• Bob Lilly, Dallas Cowboy defensive tackle: "Holding can be eliminated by different methods of rushing the passer. I use my own hands a lot more. When that fails, you start belting them around the headgear. That tends to eliminate holding."

END

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## UP, UP, UP AND AWAY!

*Garo Yepremian's field goal beats Kansas City in overtime to set up a Miami-Baltimore confrontation in the AFC, while Dallas and San Francisco gun their way into an NFC shoot-out in Texas*

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

**S**omehow it would—must, surely, on Christmas Day—come to this. That the longest game in the history of American professional football would be decided by the smallest player on the field. That he would not be American-born at all, but a Cypriot, with an accent. That he would be a painter of neckties for profit, and uninhibited in his high good humor. A teller of outrageous jokes on himself, agreeable and gregarious. And cuddly. The people of Kansas City would see him there in the shadow of his Miami teammates and wonder, what is a Garo Yepremian? Did the Dolphins get him for Christmas? And the answer would be that the Dolphins got him two years ago from Detroit, where he was hiding out in his basement painting ties, ashamed to show his balding head after being cut by the Lions. The Lions considered him a clown. And at 6:24 p.m. CST on Christmas Day the Dolphins gave him to the Kansas City Chiefs. Right between the uprigths.

The record will show that 82 minutes and 40 seconds after it began, the American Conference playoff between Miami

and Kansas City was decided in Miami's favor, 27-24, on a perfect 37-yard field goal off the left instep of little Garo's size-seven soccer boot (see cover). When it happened, Miami Quarterback Bob Griese laughed out loud. He was standing on the sidelines, not watching the ball but the holder, Karl Noonan, and when Noonan raised his hands in triumph, Griese laughed, giddy in the final release of tension and fatigue. The game had gone five quarters-plus to sudden death (or sudden victory, as Pollyanna Curt Gowdy insisted on calling it on the TV), from a slug-colored unseasonably warm Missouri afternoon through nightfall. It had been played both crisply and sloppily, with consummate skill and heartbreaking error. It had been dull and heavy, and then exquisitely exciting. And it went down ultimately to a lightning bolt and a laugh.

At the top, what it would seem to have proved beyond the elevation of the Dolphins to the AFC's best bet for the Super Bowl is that Miami's foreign-born placekicker was better than Kansas City's foreign-born placekicker, Jan Ste-

nerud of Norway. Stenerud missed his chance to win it, Yepremian did not. As a result, Yepremian was at the center of a vortex of hilarity in the Dolphin dressing room, while Stenerud sat alone in his cubicle at the end of the world and said his failure was "unbearable." Yepremian said he felt bad for Jan, "but I feel good for me" because he had been disconsolate when Stenerud made the Pro Bowl and he, Garo Yepremian, the No. 1 scorer in all of pro football, did not.

What the record will not show, however, and what few of the 50,374 in Municipal Stadium appreciated, was another extraordinary contribution Yepremian made to Kansas City's downfall. Some background is in order. Yepremian is 5' 8". He weighs 170 pounds. Mostly from the kneecap down. When 260-pound blockers come his way, Garo has been known to sprint resolutely in the opposite direction. "I must protect them from my magnificent body," he says, but it is his life he is anxious to protect. It is unheard of for him to make a tackle. The Miami coach, Don Shula, does not really require it. Against Kansas



Yepremian (1) teeters on his follow-through as all eyes watch flight of his decisive kick.

of zone and man-to-man coverage and irregular line splits Kansas City threw at him, what moves grown men like Larry Conka and Shula to rhapsodize about Griese is a near-hidden thing. It is obscured partly because Griese himself does not reveal much of Griese—he is notorious for lingering in the shower till postgame interrogation has petered out—and partly because, in his cool self-confident way, he does not seem to require ego trips every game day to enjoy being a quarterback. The fact is that he would rather *not* throw 45 passes a game, as he did in 1969 the last time Miami played—and lost to—Kansas City. His best games this year, as he led the conference in passing, were those in which he threw fewer than 20 times. “He enjoys working within the system, being able to take advantage of an offense,” says Shula. “He gets a kick out of calling the right play.”

But what made Griese extra special this day was what had come before it, and what he had overcome. For four weeks he has been bothered by a very sore left shoulder, damaged against the

Bears. For public consumption, he minimized the damage, and still does. Unable to lead properly when he threw and unable to follow through with his customary snap, his passing suffered. He threw behind receivers, he threw interceptions. Miami lost to New England and Baltimore. Even in a winning effort against Green Bay in the last regular-season game, Griese was not altogether right. The week of that game a friend unthinkingly clapped his shoulder and Griese recoiled in pain. But no one outside the Dolphin circle knew how much the injury was affecting him.

Griese's first pass against the Chiefs was underthrown. He had an indifferent first quarter. But then it began to come. Down 10-0, he found Warfield, in his inimitable fashion, out there bewildering the Chiefs' Emmitt Thomas. By the third quarter Griese was as sharp as ever. On the drive to tie the score at 17-17 he hit on four straight passes. To tie it again at 24-24 he hit on six out of seven to four different receivers.

For the most part, Kansas City successfully shut off Miami's big-back ground attack. The front four read well and clogged things up, and the linebacking was brutal. “It's one thing to run against a grizzly bear,” said Conka of

continued

City, Garo remained under no obligation. But with a minute and a half to play in the fourth quarter, he took a swipe at Ed Podolak that made it possible for Curtis Johnson to save the Dolphins. Miami, rallying for the third time, had made the score 24-24 on Griese's five-yard pass to Marv Fleming, and Yepremian kicked off. Podolak, who had an exceptional day (349 yards rushing, receiving and returning kicks), took the ball on his goal line, broke through the first wave of Miami tacklers and was suddenly at midfield and in the clear. Clear in a relative sense. Yepremian was still hanging around. He did not make contact with Podolak, but he did make the attempt and was, briefly, in the way. Having to veer off, even slightly, cost Podolak a vital step or two. From behind and the opposite side, Cornerback Johnson angled in hard, running Podolak out of bounds at the Miami 22. Four plays later, with 35 seconds to go in regulation time, Stenerud pushed his 32-yard field goal attempt to the right—“the worst thing that ever happened to me.” Stenerud also missed a 29-yarder in the second quarter and had a 42-yard attempt blocked in the first overtime period.

But to get back to Bob Griese. Although he completed 20 passes for 263 yards (seven for 140 to the incomparable Paul Warfield), and attacked in a skilled, surgical manner the bewildering scaffolds

Chiefs' hopes fade when Lloyd Mumford (38) hurries Stenerud's kick, which is blocked.



PLAYOFF *continued*

Middle Linebacker Willie Lanier, "but when he's a *swar* grizzly bear . . ." So Griese threw more than he had intended, and his protection held up well. Three times he was hit hard, twice after pusses, once on a scrambling run, and though he was slow getting up, it did not take him long to recover. He said the pain "jabbed him a little," but went away quickly. Griese not only threw a greater variety of passes than Lenny Dawson, the veteran Chief quarterback, he was also more effective because he was getting the ball to his favorite receiver, Warfield, whereas Dawson, inhibited by a swarming, deep-containing Miami zone, could not get to his favorite, Otis Taylor. Taylor caught only three pusses for 12 yards.

But in the end the call that Griese used to beat Kansas City was not a pass at all, but a run. A "Csonka special," he said later. "Zonk likes it, and we hadn't used it, and it seemed like the right time." Miami had possession on its 35 in the second overtime. Jim Kick had just run for five yards. The call was "roll right, trap left." A misdirection





play, against the flow. Kiick and Griese flow to the right, Coonka takes a step up, then comes back against the grain. Doug Crusan cleared out the defensive end, and Coonka followed Tackle Norm Evans and Guard Larry Little into the hole. "I got hold of Larry's pants," said Coonka. "He's faster than I am, and I had to hold on to keep up."

Coonka was to the Kansas City 36 before Safety Jim Kearney dragged him down. Griese now worked the ball carefully down to the 30 and into the middle of the field, and Shula ushered in Yepremian and Noonan. "You gave me beautiful position," Garo told Griese afterward. "Perfect. I knew if it was less than 50 yards I would make it." And, of course, he did.

"I knew we would win because last night I was very good at cards," Yepremian said. "I say, 'When I win at cards, we win.'" No team should be considered complete without a Garo Yepremian.

"And now," said the littlest Dolphin

of them all, "I am hoping Baltimore will win, so we can play them again and show them some sunshine."

The next day, in the dreary mud and rain of Cleveland, Yepremian's sunshine dream came true, for the Colts simply smothered the Browns 20-3.

Reviewing the Dolphins' astonishing progress before their game, Shula had said, "This team, hard as it has worked, deserves to go further than the Chiefs." Now, to go further, the Dolphins do not have to go far—in fact, around the corner to the Orange Bowl to meet an opponent they know like a neighbor, one they love to hate.

The Colts won convincingly. John Unitas consuming time and sapping confidence with his probing passes (13 for 21 and 143 yards) and loosing Running Backs Don Nottingham, who was in for injured Norm Bulach, and Tom Matte to punish Cleveland with body blows.

The Baltimore defense—those friendly undertakers Bubba Smith, Mike Curtis, Ted Hendricks, et al.—intercepted three passes, blocked two field goals, dropped Quarterback Bill Nelsen four times and generally made a dark day in Cleveland

that much darker for the Browns. By this time the Dolphins were home in Miami, watching on TV, and Unitas gave them a refresher course on what he is all about. On the second Colt possession, following the first of Bubba's blocked field goals, Unitas took his team 93 yards in 17 plays. The drive ate up eight minutes before Nottingham, who gained 92 yards in 23 carries overall, plowed across from the one.

After the first of two Rick Volk interceptions, Nottingham darted seven yards for the second Baltimore touchdown, and two Jim O'Brien field goals wound up the scoring for the Colts.

Curtis had said before the game, "We're just pure team. When it's all over, and if we played well, you're not able to pick out any one man and say he's responsible."

Yepremian aside for the moment, the same could be said for the Dolphins, and on Sunday two pure teams ought to produce pure mayhem. In the past two years they've played four times, and each has won twice. Heck, the game won't be just for the AFC title, it's for the championship of the block.

Don Nottingham belts to the end zone from the Brown seven for his second touchdown.

## THE COWBOYS FLY—THE REDSKINS DIE

by TEX MAULE

ON Christmas Day in Bloomington, the Minnesota Vikings, a team that had been uncharitable to its opponents all year, played reluctant Santa Claus to the Dallas Cowboys.

Five times on the unseasonably warm afternoon the cold Vikings made a gift of the ball to Dallas, and the Cowboys turned three of these presents—a fumble and two pass interceptions—into two field goals and a touchdown. Late in the third period, on their only prolonged drive, an eight-play, 52-yard march, the Cowboys added another touchdown, their final score in a 20-12 win.

Bud Grant, the icy-eyed Minnesota coach, decided on Christmas Eve to start Bob Lee, the punting member of his trio of quarterbacks. Asked why, he said, "At 10:30 in the morning he seemed to be the best choice." Lee lacks the experience of Gary Cuozzo and Norm

Sosad, but he is a stronger runner than either and better able to elude the Dallas pass rush. Lee did, indeed, avoid being sacked, but his passing was erratic and often predictable, much to the joy of the alert Cowboy defense.

The first half was interesting primarily for the exceptionally savage line play by both teams. The Vikings double-teamed All-Pro Tackle Bob Lilly but he still managed to split his blockers often enough to make tackles at the line of scrimmage, and the attention paid Lilly made life easier for the other three defensive linemen, who along with Lilly contained the Viking running game.

The first Dallas score was set up by a thumping tackle by End Larry Cole, which jarred the ball loose from Dave Osborn, Minnesota's starting fullback. Jetfro Pugh recovered for the Cowboys on the Minnesota 36-yard line and, following a Roger Staubach scramble to the 19, Mike Clark kicked a 26-yard field goal.

The Minnesota equivalent of Lilly is Alan Page, who dropped Staubach for a safety in the fourth quarter. At 6' 4", 245, Page is an inch shorter and 10 pounds lighter than Lilly, but he may be the quickest defensive tackle in the NFL. Dallas Guard John Niland, who is about Page's size, had most of the responsibility for him and he prepared himself for the chore by deliberately losing five pounds in the week preceding the game.

"I'm probably a little stronger than Page," Niland said after the game, his nose marked by the badge of the offensive lineman, an angry red abrasion across the bridge where the edge of the helmet hits during head-on blocks. "I knew he couldn't overpower me, so I worked on my quickness."

Niland is squarely built, with a powerful torso and thickly muscled arms, and there are few tackles with the pure strength to run over him. "I'm lucky in having Bob Lilly to work with, too," he went on. "Lilly and Bill Gregory are very quick, much like Page. Of course, I didn't blank Page out, no one can do that. But I'm satisfied."

Boasting Staubach, who led Dallas over Minnesota, lets on a go over overhauling Alan Page.

continued

All the Dallas offensive linemen played well and they, too, have reason to be satisfied, but Rayfield Wright, a five-year veteran from Fort Valley (Ga.) State, did an especially commendable job on Carl Eller, the Vikings' All-Pro defensive end. Staubach, playing what may have been the best pressure game of his career, generally had enough time to get off his passes—he completed 10 of 14 and had no interceptions.

As usual, Head Coach Tom Landry sent in the Dallas plays via his shuffling tight ends, Billy Truax and Mike Ditka. And as usual, Staubach had the option of changing the play at the line of scrimmage if he so wished. "I only called one audible all afternoon," he said. "They play a pretty standard defense and there was no need to make any changes at the line. We knew we couldn't throw long into their zone, so we looked for the short passes and ran inside."

At the end of the first half the score was 6-3 Dallas, although the Vikings had the better of the statistics, with 151 yards total offense to 67 for the Cowboys. The second Dallas field goal followed an interception by Corner Linebacker Chuck Howley. Lee had drifted back, intending to loft a screen pass to Osborn, but Howley diagnosed the play and caught the ball on the Dallas 37, returning it 26 yards before being run down from behind by Osborn. Three plays later Clark kicked a 44-yarder.

Early in the third period Lee was intercepted again. This time he was trying to throw deep to Bob Grim, the team's most effective receiver during the regular season, but unfortunately Lee telegraphed his punch.

Cliff Harris, a second-year free safety from Ouachita Baptist University—of Arkadelphia, Ark., of course—anticipated the pass perfectly. "Lee sometimes pumps in the direction he's going to throw and he did it this time," Harris said. "The ball was a little underthrown and I just cut in front of Grim to make the interception."

Harris ran the ball from the Minnesota 43-yard line to the 13, and from there the Cowboys scored in one play, a beautiful effort past Page by Running Back Duane Thomas.

Thomas, who holds the league record for taciturnity, had nothing to say about the play after the game, but Niland, who blocked Page, explained it. "Thomas reads my block," he said. "I

just take Page in the direction he wants to go. This time Page was taking an outside rush and I kept contact with him to keep him going outside. Duane cut back toward the middle and the other blocks held up and that was it."

The second Dallas touchdown concluded the only real Cowboy drive. It was set up by a Charlie Waters return of a flat-trajectory punt by Lee. Waters caught the ball on the Dallas 24 before the Viking defenders could get downfield and returned it to the Dallas 48.

The key play in the drive came on third and 15 from the Dallas 43. Staubach had heretofore confined his passing to screens and quick sideline patterns, but this time he went to Lance Alworth for 30 yards and a first down on the Minnesota 27. Alworth was uncovered in a wide gap in the Minnesota zone; Linebacker Wally Hilgenberg did not drop back far enough and Safety Ed Sharrockman was playing too deep.

A few plays later, with the ball on the nine-yard line, Staubach dropped back to pass, moved sharply to his left to avoid a tackler, then paused for a moment to watch Bob Hayes put two strong fakes on Sharrockman, the second leaving Hayes wide open deep in the corner of the end zone, where he caught the pass for the score. It was Staubach's ability to run out of trouble and thus give his receivers maneuvering time that made the play a success.

The touchdown made the score 20-3, and many of the Viking fans began leaving for a delayed Christmas dinner. Grant put Cuzzo, a drop-back passer, into the game in the fourth period and, throwing on nearly every down, he moved the Vikings better than Lee had, but the Dallas defense was concentrating on shutting off the long gainers and many of Cuzzo's completions were gimmes over the middle. He finally got a touchdown on a six-yard pass to his tight end, Stu Voigt, but only a little over two minutes were left to play. An interception by Middle Linebacker Lee Roy Jordan had stopped an earlier threat and an interception by veteran Cornerback Herb Adderley thwarted the last Viking drive just two seconds before the game ended. Adderley went high in the air to pick off the pop fly, ran upfield briefly, then headed for the sideline, stopping the clock.

"Man, I wasn't about to try to run that one back a long way," he said

later, grinning. "Suppose I get tackled and hurt? We got a lot of football to play yet."

In San Francisco the next day the 49ers were also grinning, for the Washington Redskins finally acted their age, which is considerable. They did the best they could and gave the 49ers a hard time but, like Minnesota, they were generous to a fault and they lost 24-20.

The Redskins took an early lead, with Billy Kalmer throwing unlikely passes and Jerry Smith, his tight end, making unlikely catches and at the half they were ahead 10-3.

George Allen, the Washington coach, is a conservative man who sees all kinds of virtue in maturity, but apparently age must have as its fief for he took a gamble in the third period. With fourth and inches to go on the San Francisco 11-yard line and the Redskins still ahead 10-3, a field goal would have put the 49ers against the wall. But Allen went for the first down. When the play, a run by Larry Brown, lost two yards, 49er Quarterback John Brodie drew deeply to the new breath of life and went to work.

Two runs picked up nine yards, and when the Redskins converged on Ken Willard on the third-and-one play Brodie threw a long pass to Gene Washington, who cradled it in at the Redskins 40-yard line and went the rest of the way in lonely splendor.

Except for that pass, Brodie was displeased with himself. "It was the only good one I threw all day," he said in the dressing room. "I was surprised that they had single coverage on Gene."

The single coverage was by Pat Fischer, who made the fatal error of taking a step up from his secondary post to try to stop Willard only to see Washington flush by him. Moments later the 49ers were on the loose again, thanks to an interception by Rosey Taylor. This time Brodie hooked up with Bob Windsor on a two-yard scoring pass, and San Francisco had the lead for good.

Despite the win, it was not an impressive performance by the 49ers. Indeed, Herb Adderley was probably right: the Cowboys will have more football games to play in the next three weeks than the 49ers.

END

*In game's two most critical moments, 49ers stop Larry Brown short of first down and a few plays later the score at 10-10 on a 18-yard touchdown pass to Gene Washington (right).*



# WHATCHA DOIN', BROTHER BRUIN?

*Appalled by the recent transformation of their favorite fanged beasts into pacifist Teddy bears, Boston hockey fans see ruin ahead. But the funny thing is these good little bears are winning, too* **by MARK MULVOY**

From the talk in Boston watering spots such as the 99 Club, the Iron Horse and the Tam O'Shanter, one would think the Bruins are playing like the Marblehead Midgets and that Bobby Orr, Phil Esposito, Derek Sanderson and friends ought to be arrested for impersonating hockey players. One of the city's fickle alarmists calls the Bruins "our new failure symbol for the winter." What? "We've got Jim Plunkett and the Patriots headed for the Super Bowl someday," the man explains, "and we've got the Celtics back on top again. So that leaves the Bruins. What's happened to the Bruins?"

Indeed, people are asking that very question all over town. They want to know why Orr doesn't rush the puck all night the way he did before he became a millionaire, why Esposito has not yet scored his 76 goals, why Sanderson has become tamer than Mickey Mouse and why all the Bruins are lobbying for the Lady Byng Trophy. Last

week even the club's management got into the alarm act. "We're in trouble, deep trouble," said General Manager Milt Schmidt, "and we'd better snap out of it fast—or else."

Deep trouble? If deep trouble for the Bruins meant losing one of their last 18 games, if deep trouble meant being a tad out of first place with two games in hand; then, yes, the Bruins definitely were in deep trouble. "I'd love to have such trouble," said Buffalo's Punch Imlach, offering his condolences to Schmidt. Nevertheless, there is a feeling, even among the players, that there are a few things wrong with the Bruins, and that unless they resolve to correct them in the New Year their dreams of a Stanley Cup may vanish once again.

For one, the lordly Bruins treat most of their games against expansion teams with the casual disdain of an All-fighting Mathis. "If we do think like that in some games, we shouldn't be here," says Bobby Orr, "but I guess we do. It's mental, that's all. How can we possibly get yourself mentally motivated 76 times a year? No way. A lot of nights only three or four of our guys really are up for a game. Thank goodness we have so much talent on this team that any three or four players can carry us some nights." Twice recently this approach has backfired on the Bruins, however, as both Pittsburgh and Buffalo rallied from two-goal deficits to earn ties. "In keeping with the spirit of the Christmas season, my guys tried to be charitable," said Boston Coach Tom Johnson after last week's 4-4 tie with Buffalo. "Some day they'll learn—I hope."

What is worse, the image of the Bruins as a big, bad, bowl-'em-over team has gone into hibernation. "We don't even breathe on the other guys anymore," complains Milt Schmidt. It is the shameful truth that one night this season the Bruins played an entire game without taking a single penalty.

Sanderson, a man unspoiled by modesty in victory or defeat, blames himself for the Bruins' abrupt turn away from

a more violent style of hockey. "I'm usually on the ice sometime during the first three minutes of play," he says, "and I can set the tempo for the entire night. If I start things off properly by fore-checking someone and knocking him down hard, then the other guys on the club take the cue and charge out looking for bodies to hit. But if I come out and flutter around and don't go near a soul, well, it becomes contagious. Isn't that right, Phil?"

Esposito shrugs. "Let's face it, Phil," Sanderson says. "I didn't start checking aggressively until a few games ago, did I? Be honest."

"O.K.," Esposito says, "you're right. You began to play your game again the night we took the Rangers in Boston." "Right."

Not coincidentally, that New York game was easily the best 60 minutes of hockey Boston has played all season. "There was never a question of being up or down," according to Orr. "We had to win, that's all." The Rangers had skated into Boston Garden with a five-point lead over the Bruins. "If they beat us at home," Esposito said, "we might not see them again until April." For added incentive, the Bruins were smarting over some printed remarks attributed to a few of the Rangers. "We learned, and they'll have to learn, that you don't win games by yapping," Esposito said. "It's best to zip the lip."

Boston dominated play from the opening faceoff. If the Bruins did not have the puck, they knocked down a Ranger or two and got it. When they had it, they fired away at Ed Giacomin, and later Gilles Villemure, like kids who had paid a dime for 10 minutes of target practice. The final score was 8-1, but the contest was not that close.

"My best game," Sanderson said. "I don't think I missed a check all night." Orr said, "When we hit and check like that, we always score a lot of goals—and always win the game. Why we don't do it all the time, I don't know." After the game, though, the Bruins declined

Orr, the richest Bruin, seldom rushes now.



to gloat. If they had not scored a rather fluky third goal, some said, the game would have been much closer. O.K., 7-1. "Reverse psychology," said Goal-tender Gerry Cheevers. "The Rangers just had an off night," Esposito said. "They're a fine hockey team."

But once the Rangers left town the Bruins immediately returned to their strangely docile ways, and last week they hardly hit a moving body while beating Philadelphia and tying Buffalo.

Besides the lack of hitting, there has been one other noticeable difference between this year's Bruins and the ones who clawed through the NHL the past few seasons. Orr, always an offensive-minded defenseman, has become so defense conscious these days that he rushes the puck with disturbing infrequency. Against Buffalo, for instance, he made exactly two rink-long dashes. Goalie Dave Dryden stymied him with two marvelous saves on the first rush, stopping the first shot and the rebound as well, but the goalpost stymied him on the second in the final minute of play, just when it appeared he would win the game for the Bruins. "I have not been ordered to cut down on my rushes," Orr said. "We have a lot of players who are quite capable of taking the puck up ice themselves. And they should do it."

Orr's strict attention to his defensive duties has made the Bruins a better defensive team; they are giving up fewer goals than last year. Still, some of the paying spectators do not appreciate the new Orr. "People think you're a bum because you don't rush the puck all the time," he says.

Spectators also have taunted Orr about the five-year, \$1 million contract he signed before the start of this season. "They yell down and say I should give some of the money back," Orr says, laughing. "No, it doesn't bother me. It's maturity, I guess."

Despite his concentration on defense, enough of the old Orr has come through to keep him high in the scoring standings, while Esposito, as usual, leads the league, running near the pace he set a year ago when he had his record 76 goals, plus 76 assists.

All of which has left Hub fans badly confused. Peace? It's horrible. **AND**



*Sanderson, the hairiest, confesses that his untoward nonviolence has not helped the team.*

# SWEATING THROUGH THE DREADS

Maryland was going to be the best this and the biggest that, but what it came up as was a victim of foot-in-mouth disease. For a while the case looked fatal, but then Lefty Driesell spoke even louder **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



Organizing the attack, Maryland's embattled and often double-teamed Tom McMillen directs the play and, for a change, the pressure elsewhere.

What can be said about a sophomore basketball team that died? Well, almost died, it being much too early to inter players so lately out of swaddling clothes. To start with, you can say for certain that the Maryland Terrapins' love story with the press and the polls is cooling. The reasons are three: Maryland is suffering from the dread overpromotion pox, the dread press-release measles and the dread bighead mumps. The young Terrapins, and in particular Tom McMillen, have been praised, pampered and publicized so much by their loquacious coaching staff—Charles G. (Lefty) Driesell and his trusty sidekick, George (The Rave) Raveling—that they were in real

danger of becoming the most overrated team since Wayne and Shuster.

But even Driesell began to taste sawdust when, despite its 6-1 record, his team came on looking lethargic, ramshackle and very human. Following a shoddy 73-60 victory over Loyola of Baltimore, the coach could stand it no longer. Instead of talking about his Terps, Lefty decided to talk to them. "Turbble, turbble. Yew censored gahs are actin' lak a bunch of censored prima donnas and Ah tell yew whut," he screamed at them in the locker room. "Yew muht not go on home for Christmas. Ah have had bad personnel and bad defense and bad shooters in mah day, but Ah have



Missing some point. The Chief hits the floor.

inter coached a bunch of pussy cats who don't hustle lak yew gals. Yew are the most selfish censored individual gals Ah ever saw and if yew don't get straight yew gonna get the livin' dog-censored kicked out of yew. Ah mean yew gals are in for a long-censored season!"

It was masterful, vintage Driesell—carefully staged, orated in tones that would compete with the noise of a passing elephant herd—and it may have helped some to cure the Terps of the Dreads. Two nights later in Hampton, Va., Driesell watched as Maryland put together its best and most balanced effort while appearing as awesome as its headlines in a 102-79 rout of Holy Cross.

Luckily for his sweet young things, in addition to talking his team into prominence, Driesell scheduled them there, too. In the early going Maryland has faced more dogs than June Lockhart encountered on her trek through the Lassie series. There is a neat theory working here. It concerns employment security.

"Everybody talks about our easy non-conference schedule," says Raveling, "but check the post office. All the guys who had the tough early schedules are out now delivering the holiday mail. Check John Wooden. He's a great coach, but if he played toughies in December he might be running the mouse machine out in Anaheim."

Indeed, the UCLA coach has already been criticized in Los Angeles for his December schedule, but in contrast to UCLAOTE (Driesell sometimes refers to Maryland as "the UCLA of the East") the real UCLA has won all its easy games convincingly. Maryland has gasped through its breathers. Still, if Driesell had not tipped his hand by playing Virginia so early, he would be undefeated, ranked third in the polls and fooling everybody, which says something about hoopla over hoop play.

Driesell himself is nobody's fool. A roughhewn, hard-sell coach from the Virginia docks, he has always hidden his basically sweet nature from the public. During nine years at Davidson his teams won 20 or more games six times and reached the finals of the NCAA's East Regional twice, losing to North Carolina on both occasions. When he could not beat the ACC he joined it. At Maryland he has fashioned a Tammany Hall of a basketball machine in all aspects of organization, right down to the purchase by his staff of coordinated suits

from Georgetown's elegant men's shop, Britches. The Maryland coaches even shoot their cuffs in unison. One of his fine sophomores, Len Elmore, characterizes Driesell well. "He's the flimflam man," says Elmore. "It's a confidence game with Lefty, but you buy it because he's honest about it, and true."

Driesell has struggled just above .500 for two years at Maryland while packing in the crowds with his stompie, V signs and dramatic entrances to the tune of *Hail to the Chief*. Also, he has been working hard at getting the players needed to contest for a national championship.

His biggest catch, of course, is McMillen, the 6' 11" honor student who set scoring records at Mansfield (Pa.) High right up to the time his uniform was retired into the Basketball Hall of Fame. It may be no exaggeration to say McMillen is the finest shooter of his size to ever play the game, but his introduction to the big time was a disaster at Virginia—the Cavaliers mortified McMillen by holding him to one field goal while beating Maryland 78-57. Raveling went so far as to call that night "my most humiliating experience in sports"; Driesell's pride was so hurt, says one Maryland man, that "for the first time Lefty doubted his ability as a coach."

McMillen's cotton touch has served him well on other occasions, enabling him to score over 30 points in three games while averaging a remarkable 70% from the floor. But the frustration at Charlottesville was to be repeated. Against Loyola in one of the most intriguing matchups of the season, this dark-haired, pink-cheeked member of the President's Council on Physical Fitness went head to head with a 31-year-old ex-cornic named Ed Butler, who proceeded to strip him bare. It was a case of assault and battery, with McMillen ending up with nothing but his shorts and one basket.

The confusion at College Park has been due to a combination of things, inexperience being paramount among them. Simply put, the Terps are in deep trouble when they cannot get the ball to McMillen. In the Virginia and Loyola games, the tall youngster did not move around enough to free himself for openings. A more serious deficiency is in the backcourt where—as one observer points out—Maryland has the most beleaguered guards since Attica,

Junior Howard White is a playground artist, unconditioned to leadership. Sophomores Jap Trimble, through injury, and Rich Porac, through unsteadiness, have not succeeded yet. As a result, the Maryland fast break usually breaks down fast. Junior Jim O'Brien, though 6' 7", sometimes has had to take his good jump shot and Bozo the Clown haircut to the backcourt to help out. While all of this has been going on, Maryland's best ballplayer has been lightly regarded Bob Bodell, whose good defense the Terps are going to need all year. Bodell's timely steals probably saved Maryland from another embarrassing loss, this time to Canisius.

Couch Driesell does have some outstanding guards around, but one is in street clothes (Assistant Coach Jim Maloney, a star at Niagara in the '50s) and the other two play for the freshmen. Despite the wealth of tall men that Maryland has recruited, 5' 10" freshman Billy Hahn could turn out to be the most important find of all.

"We may have expected too much of these guys," Driesell drawled last week. "But that's mah fault. Our ratings ain't gonna be no bunch of baloney when Ah find the right combination."

That will take time, naturally, but even Driesell admits that he needs more than time to straighten out his defense. With some combination of McMillen, 6' 9" Elmore and 7-foot Mark Cartwright, still another sophomore, in the lineup at all times, the Terps are woefully slow. Although he is embarrassed to use it so often, a "high rise" zone defense has baffled Driesell out of trouble a few times already when quicker teams have made the Terps look like turtles.

Undaunted by the early disappointments, McMillen acknowledges that his biggest adjustment has been "learning to play without a 30-point lead." Many of the Maryland youngsters had never lost a game before that fateful night in Charlottesville; they did not know how to react. Now they know, and the Terps soon should be representative enough.

"Ain't gonna be nobody shove mah players around. Of Lefty'll teach 'em," says Driesell with defiance. "We weren't prepared at Virginia. No mo' flukes. We gonna grow up fast. We got the ingredients." Clearly, Of Lefty is not quite ready to admit that too much promotion means sometimes having to say you are sorry.

END

# BLUES IN THE NIGHT FOR THE ACES

Italy's celebrated Blue Team comes out of retirement to overwhelm the world champions—and everybody else, too **by ROBERT CANTWELL**

SEVEN debonair Italians, age 44 to 59, threaded their way past the 75¢ slot machines in the lobby of the Las Vegas Hilton, bound for what was described as 1) the bridge Match of the Century and 2) the most ambitious attempt thus far to make bridge a popular spectator sport in the U.S. As for the first item: anybody who mentions Italians and bridge in the same sentence automatically refers to the Blue Team, *Squadra Azzurra*, winner of 12 world bridge championships and the best bridge-playing lineup of all time. They looked the part—six suave cardsharps, six masters seeking new worlds to conquer, six characters in search of an audience.

If anybody could make a bridge match something that people would pay money to see, these legendary stars were the ones to do it. Not as much could be said for their opponents, the Aces, formerly the Dallas Aces, twice world champions since the Blue Team retired undefeated in 1969. Introduced from the stage of a small theater off the cavernous Hilton lobby, the Aces appeared to be a handsome group of earnest young intellectuals—they range in age from 30 to 39—rather than professional cardplayers. Whereas any of the Italians could have taken a place behind a Las Vegas gaming table without arousing questions from anyone, you could imagine the Aces teaching freshman English easier than dealing blackjack. This was the first meeting of the Blue Team and the Aces, the Italians coming out of retirement for a chance at \$30,000 in prize money, and the Aces determined to refute the suggestion that their two world championships were achieved only because the Blue Team was not playing when they won them.

Hence the Match of the Century notion, a small overstatement but permissible. It began at 8:30 on a cold De-

cember night and, as to its promise as a spectator sport, the beginning was rather inauspicious. Four Italians and four Americans disappeared down a hundred yards of hotel hallway to Conference Room G (marked CLOSED ROOM) and Conference Room E (OPEN ROOM) in the hotel's Convention Center. (The two remaining pairs waited restlessly in the theater for their turns to play.) Between Rooms E and G was another marked NO ADMISSION. It was the control room. Inside, although you could not see her, a young woman named Marion Shane dealt decks of cards into hands of 13 cards each. These she placed in four small receptacles, labeled North, East, South and West, to be played in the



Blue Team partners at play—Pietro Treci is smoky

closed room, and then placed identical cards in similar boards to be played in the open room after each closed-room hand had been completed.

In the first hand in the closed room, Pietro Forquet of the Blue Team, sitting North, held the queen, 6, 5 and deuce of spades; the 10, 4 and 3 of hearts; the jack of diamonds; the ace, 10, 9, 5 and 4 of clubs. He passed. (One of the sat-



Arelli displays his hand with apt judicial air, while Belinfante gestures—as always.







concentration and the urbane, skeptical of Alois.

isfactions of watching great bridge players is that sometimes they do what you would do.) Forquet is 46, one of the original members of the Blue Team when it began its astounding record in 1956. Now he is a banker in Naples and enjoys leisurely working hours. He has a distant amiability, as though contemplating with pleasure something he sees just over the heads of the people around him. You do not have to be an expert to know you should never play cards with him.

On Forquet's left, sitting East, was the Aces' James Jacoby, son of the pioneer bridge and poker expert. He held the ace, king and 3 of spades; the king of hearts; the queen, 9, 6, 5, 4 and deuce of diamonds; the jack, 6 and deuce of clubs. He bid one diamond. Jacoby is a direct, candid individual who lives with his wife and daughter in a Dallas suburb. He was an English major at Notre Dame, taught high school briefly and studied law before becoming a bridge player by trade.

South was Benito Garozzo, 42, now a prosperous jeweler with a shop across the street from the American Embassy in Rome, where he advertises discounts to bridge players. He has bushy black hair, large, thick-rimmed spectacles that conceal any facial expression and he plays cards with an intense concentration that a spectator might consider out of proportion to the issues involved, if it were not that Garozzo is considered by many to be the best bridge player on earth. He held the jack, 10 and 4 of spades; the ace, 9, 8, 6, 5 and

deuce of hearts; the 10, 7 and 3 of diamonds; the 8 of clubs. He bid one heart.

West was Robert Wolff, a tall, calm, round-faced, articulate gentleman, a former teacher of English, married, one child, and capable of facing with detachment the odds against the Aces, which were quoted in Las Vegas at 8 to 5. Both Wolff and Jacoby are without vanity about their records. They relate with amusement how they were once beaten by a pair of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* editors, Jack Olsen and Ray Cave (*SI*, Nov. 14, 1966) in a \$20,000 rubber bridge tournament. Well, with some amusement. They were not cavalier about the outcome of the Match of the Century, but they were not in a frenzy about it, either. In the past the Aces always put in two weeks of intensive training before a match, but this time—because they already had won the right to represent the U.S. at the World Team Olympiad next spring—Ira Corn, the organizer of the Aces, decided this would not be necessary. Also in the past, the Aces had lived on salaries paid by Corn, an as-

tute and ambitious Dallas industrialist, but last summer Corn decided that they had progressed in skill and reputation to the point where they could finance themselves with exhibitions, teaching, writing, bridge cruises and the other expedients by which bridge masters make their livings. Now in the closed room on the first hand, Wolff held the 9, 8 and 7 of spades; the queen, jack and 7 of hearts; the ace, king and 8 of diamonds; the king, queen, 7 and 3 of clubs. He bid two clubs, and the second time around won the contract with three no trump. The Aces made five, for a score of 460.

It was now 8:55. In the theater a large screen on one side of the stage lit up in shimmering reds, yellows and blacks, showing the distribution of the cards, what the sequence of bidding had been in the closed room and the result there. Simultaneously, on the other side of the stage, a big, closed-circuit TV screen came to life, revealing the players in the open room pondering their cards. At this point there was no doubt about spectator interest: the game looked good.

continued



Forquet the icy banker, is paired with happy Garozzo, who is possibly the world's best.

On the TV screen Robert Goldman of the Aces was North, playing the hand that Forquet had played in the closed room. Goldman is 32, a computer expert from Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. On his left was the masterful actor of the Blue Team, Giorgio Belladonna, a natural comedian with round, beaming features, a small mustache and an engagingly sincere courtliness. You felt that Belladonna could make the open room interesting even if he had not been playing cards, with his wide range of shoulder-lifting, hands-spreading gestures that added a picturesque effect to his flawless broken English.

South for the Aces was Michael Lawrence, aged 30, tall, thin, pale, reserved, a writer, the son of a Forest Service lawyer whose duties include prosecution of despoilers of the national domain. On his left, as West, was another accomplished Italian scene stealer, Walter Avarelli, a judge, square-jawed and stocky, a tireless sightseer and visitor to monuments (Caesars Palace?) on the Blue Team's travels.

The bidding followed that of the closed room, except that Avarelli jumped to three no trump the first time around. On the TV screen you could see Goldman play his opening lead, though you could not see what it was, and an announcer said, "Heart three." The shadow of an invisible hand reached across the screen on the other side of the stage and drew a line through the 3 of hearts in the diagram of North's hand. Avarelli called for the king from dummy. "Heart king," said the voice, and a black line went through the king. "This is going to be an easy 11 tricks," said one of the two commentators seated in the darkness of the stage, but it was an easy 12, Avarelli and Belladonna scoring 490 in the open room for a margin of 30 points. Translated into international match points, commonly referred to as IMPs, that gave the Blue Team a one-IMP lead on the first hand.

And what about spectator interest, with 20 hands like that for each session in a seven-session match? Through five days, 28 hours of play and a total of 140 boards? "Bridge is the greatest game in the world," says Ira Corn in his role of drummer. "It is the subtlest, the most intellectual, the fastest, and it makes the greatest demands on its players. It can be a fascinating game to watch, as fascinating to the

40 million bridge players in the country as golf is to the millions who watch it on television."

For the splendor of the Match of the Century, Corn packed his massive frame into evening clothes, the lacy pleats of his dress shirt giving him something of the appearance of a ruddy-cheeked Elizabethan nobleman wearing a ruff. Everybody present was familiar with the story of Corn and the Aces: how he put the team together with the aid of a computer, a lot of money—about \$500,000, plus an annual budget, until this year, of \$100,000—and a love of bridge, for the specific purpose of bringing the world title to the U.S. But no one could anticipate his zeal as a salesman of bridge as a spectator sport. Corn grew up in a Baptist community where cardplaying was for hidden, except for rook—"I was in college," he says, "before I discovered rook and bridge were the same"—and he feels that people are being unjustly deprived of a natural pleasure if they cannot see bridge masters practicing their art. "Millions of people once played golf," he roars, "but there were no spectators to speak of. Today the millions who watch golf on TV do not care about the right way to play, the proper stance, anything like that. They watch someone put, and they know that he is worth thousands of dollars if he makes it. That creates popular interest!"

For at least half the Match of the Century, Corn's belief in spectator interest seemed justified. A bridge tournament is engrossing when it is close. The Aces finished the first session leading by six IMPs, 35 to 29. That earned them the \$1,000 awarded the winning team each session. In the second session the Italians picked up the \$1,000 with a score of 46 to 29. When the third session ended that night just before midnight, the Aces came back, but narrowly, to win by a score of 34 to 28, the overall score now standing at 103 for the Blues to 98 for the Aces, a margin of only five points after 60 boards.

The players seen on the TV screen (or in the audience when their alternates were playing) began to seem like characters in one episode after another of a continuing series. The two Aces and the two Italians who joined the action later on contributed further to the impression that there was involved a battle of types, as well as of teams, young scientists vs. old gamblers. The Aces were

Robert Hamman, 32, once a high-ranked chess player, and Paul Soloway, 30, the newest member of the Aces, the son of a Los Angeles real estate dealer who likewise gave up chess for bridge. The opposite numbers were Camillo Pabis Ticci, a slight, bald, inconspicuous civil engineer from Florence, the least theatrical figure among the Italians and, as it turned out, one of the most effective in this match, and Mimmo d'Alelio, aged 51, square-jawed, handsome, with the air of the disillusioned man of the world that Adolphe Menjou used to portray in the movies. He is so self-contained that he never batted an eye when Ann-Margret singled him out to sing to in the Hilton's supper club after one of the Italian victories. Pitting the Aces against such worldly figures as these made the match a good show—so long as the score was close.

But a one-sided bridge match can be excruciatingly dull. And after the fourth session, when the Blue Team picked up 53 IMPs to make the score 156 to 124, the Match of the Century became a prolonged demonstration of the Blue Team's mastery.

It ended that night, to all practical purposes, with the Blue lead steadily mounting, and the open-room scene beginning to seem like an episode from a TV serial repeated over and over: the same robust and happy gamblers winning points and the same pale young English professors interminably giving them up. The Aces played so slowly a spectator remarked to Ira Corn that they did not really seem to be in a card game. "They look like jurors in a jury room trying to decide whether or not to sentence somebody to death," he said.

"Maybe they are," said Corn.

The final score for the match was 338 for the Blue Team, 254 for the Aces. The victory was worth \$12,000 to the Italians, plus something far more valuable—reassertion of who ruled the bridge roost.

And yet another Aces' humiliation followed. In a knockout tournament the next week, the Aces were eliminated by Charles Goren's team, while the Italian masters collected \$15,000 for winning.

"We've got to start over and go back to hard work on partnerships," said Jacoby calmly.

Said Commentator Michael Ledeen, "The Aces were playing against a legend. It affects everybody who plays against the Blues."

END

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Part 2

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# African Journal

## Miss Mary's Lion

by Ernest Hemingway

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*The scene is southern Kenya in December 1953, where the Hemingways are on safari. Ernest is now leading the hunt and has become a quasi-official of the Kenya Game Department, a serious responsibility in this time of the Mau Mau uprisings. He has further complicated matters with a prophecy that Miss Mary will kill a great rogue lion by "the birthday of the Baby Jesus." That date is near at hand. So is the lion, and this dangerous business has gone on far too long.*

## PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

**Miss Mary**, who meets her lion under less than ideal conditions, to the considerable hazard of all

**G.C.**, the head Game Ranger for the area, who takes Miss Mary to her moment of confrontation

**Harry Steele**, a Kenya police official with grave concerns, who is on hand as the shooting begins

**Ngui**, Ernest's gunbearer who is more of a comrade in arms when the time comes to celebrate

**Charo**, Miss Mary's gunbearer, who tries to convince her that what has happened has happened

I sat by the fire in an old pair of pajamas from Idaho, tucked into a pair of worn mosquito boots made in Hong Kong and wearing a warm wool robe from Pendleton, Oregon and drank a whiskey and soda made from a bottle of whiskey Mr. Singh had given me as a present and boiled water from the stream that ran down from the mountain animated by a siphon cartridge made in Nairobi.

"I'm a stranger here," I thought. But the whiskey said no and it was the time of day for the whiskey to be right. Whiskey can be as right as it can be wrong and it said I was not a stranger and I knew it was correct at this time of night. Anyway my boots had come home because they were made of ostrich hide and I remembered the place where I had found the leather in the bootmaker's in Hong Kong. No it was not me who found the leather. It was someone else and then I thought about who had found the leather and about those days and then I thought about different women and how they would be in Africa and how lucky I had been to have known fine women that loved Africa. I had known some really terrible ones who had only gone there to have been there and I had known some true bitches and several alcoholics to whom Africa had just been another place for more ample bitchery or fuller drunkenness. The bitches only hunted men although they shot other animals and the alcoholics blamed their rummyhood on the altitude. But they were just as drunk at sea level.

The alcoholics always had some great tragedy which had caused them to drink beyond reason but all of those I had known before their great tragedies had been rummies then too. The white male rummies in Africa were about as boring as the ex-rummies. With one exception I know no greater bore than the former alcoholic. Beside him the impotent man, the former forger, the retired ponderer, the reformed card cheat, the ex-chief of police,

the former Labor Government minister, a former noncareer ambassador to a Central American country, an aging official of Moral Re-Armament, an interim French Premier, ex-royalty, a former radio political commentator, a retired evangelist, a dedicated big game angler complete with statistics, an unfrocked priest or a professional ex-Communist are figures of blinding interest and charm.

I thought of that last former alcoholic I had met in Nairobi. He was very hearty and at once asked me to have a drink. They hang about bars at crowded hours taking up the place that might be occupied by an honest drinker and while they sip their tomato juice or barley water and nutmeg they look at the drinkers with that look of the ex-alcoholic which is compounded of Moral Re-Armament, crossed with one third marabou stork and a third of the curiosity of the fashionable undertaker who is a little overdrawn at his bank.

"Old Hen," my great old friend said. "Dear old boy. What are you drinking?"

"Whatever you are."

"But this is barley and nutmeg."

"What I've been needing. Bartender, a barley and nutmeg and a double pink gin."

"I don't think I'd mix them old boy."

"All right. I'll drink them separately. What do you hear from old Stevens?"

"Bad. Bad. Couldn't be worse. Shaking like a leaf. Went down the Tana and got up on an absolutely wonderful bull. Two hundred-pounder he said. You know it makes them all lie of course."

"Naturally."

"Missed the elephant completely at twenty yards. He's gone. Doubt if he'll ever go out again."

"Any word from old Dorch?"

"He's gone. Doesn't even know who he's with nor where. Tragic case. Saw him in Jamaica. He just stared at me. Thought I was your brother."

"Poor old Dorch. Nothing we can do for him?"

"You might do something for him."

"I'll think it over. I always liked old Dorch."

"Gone though. Absolutely extinguished. Doubt if he knows whether it's night or day."

"Well it could be night here and day there if he's in Jamaica."

"Quite. But he's not in Jamaica now. He's back in London."

The barley water and nutmeg came and I drank it. It had a heady quality but not too full-bodied.

"It is good. I see your point now." I drank a sip of the pink gin. "This cuts those long whiskers on the barley. Forgot how they stick in the throat."

"Are you feeling fit?" my dear old friend asked.

"Very."

"You look better than I'd heard."

"Splendid. Like a fiddler's bitch."

"I'd heard you'd been celebrating a bit."

"You mean you heard I was drunk?"

"No. Just celebrating a bit. The stuff's a deadly poison you know."

"Who told you?"

"The headwaiter."

"That's true. I was in here with young G.C. We were celebrating."

"An anniversary?"

"No. A recent event."

"Can you tell me?"

"No."

"Sorry I didn't mean to be rude."

"Any word on old Hormones?"

"He's gone. He won't last three months. He may be gone already."

"We'd have heard. You get the Telegraph don't you? The air edition. Old Hormones would have been in it if he'd gone."

"True. You're right. It's my favorite paper actually. Any number of the oldtimers in it. Boared their lives away."

"Not completely. I wouldn't say old Hormones did nothing but fondle the bottle."

"No," he said. "One mustn't be unfair."

"The Tempest wasn't exactly designed for drunkards. It weighed seven tons and it landed almost as fast as a Spitty flew."

"Not quite old boy. Not quite."

"Nowhere near. I was just trying to remind you."

"Great days," he said. "Great chaps. Surprising how they go through now. It is a poison you know. It's been proved. Not too late for you to stop it old Hom."

"Actually it's too bloody early for me to stop. I like it and I get good value from it. What are you having, because I have to run?"

"The same. Look, no offense, eh?"

"None."

"You'll get in touch with me if I can ever be of any help?"

"Absolutely."

"That must have been something interesting you and that youngster, what's his name, K.G., were calculating eh?"

"It was the non-death of an elephant which was terrorizing the marble quarries which supply the tombstones for Nairobi."

"That must have been a show. Could you work me in on that type of show? What did the tasks go?"

"Not weighed yet."

"Go to the Game Department of course on a show like that. I'll see them there."

"I'll hold it up a little. You might have misunderstood me."

"I see," he said. "But be careful old boy. See if you can work me in."

"I count on you, Freddie." I said. I paid for the

drinks and he slipped something into the pocket of my jacket.

"What's that?"

"Read them. Can't do any harm."

That was three months ago in the crowded, high-pitched, over-gasolined, pousseur noonday crush at the bar of The New Stanley and now, sitting by the fire, I thought God pity rummies but God please save us from the as-rummy and from all tracts, for or against, deliver me.

I was very happy to have G.C. back in camp and so was Mary. He was happy to be back too because we had become a family and we always missed each other when we were apart. He loved his job and believed in it and its importance almost fanatically. He loved the game and wanted to care for it and protect it and that was about all he believed in. I think, except a very stern and complicated system of ethics.

He was a little younger than my oldest son and if I had gone to Adhis Ahlita to spend a year and write back in the middle Thirties as I had planned I would have known him when he was twelve since his best friend then had been the son of the people I was going out to stay with. But I had not gone because Mussolini's armies had gone instead and my friend that I had been going out to stay with had been moved to another diplomatic post and so I had missed the chance to know G.C. when he was twelve. By the time I met him he had a long, very difficult and unrewarding war behind him plus the abandonment of a British Protectorate<sup>1</sup> where he had made the start of a fine career. He had commanded irregular troops which is, if you are honest, the least rewarding way there is to make a war. If an action is fought perfectly so that you have almost no casualties and inflict large losses on the enemy it is regarded at Headquarters as an unjustified and reprehensible massacre. If you are forced to fight under unfavorable conditions and at too great odds and win but have a large butcher bill the comment is, "He gets too many men killed." There is no way for an honest man commanding irregulars to get into anything but trouble. There is some doubt as to whether any truly honest and talented soldier can ever hope for anything except to be destroyed.

By the time I met G.C. he was well started in another career in another British Colony. He was never hitler and he did not look back at all. But he was intolerant of fools and of the British white trash that sometimes come out to the Colonies posing as civil servants. There are many of these and they must be good enough at their specialties or they would

<sup>1</sup> E.H. margin note: "Check status of Sudan." It actually was an Anglo-Egyptian condominium.

## Miss Mary's Lion

not have been graduated from the drussy educational institutions which produce them. But they are not much fun to be with after working hours. It is best never to attempt to joke and for G.C. this was very cramping. He had always joked, as all brave men do, and he had been well brought up and so knew that bad words are used in the best of circles.

Over spaghetti and wine he told us of how he had been reproved by some newly arrived, bespectacled young bureau master for having come in from a patrol involving shooting with human beings, using a bad word which might be overheard by this young man's wife. I had seen the wife and felt that a few sound words of the type G.C. had uttered if put in practice by her husband might have done the marriage no end of good.

I explained this to G.C. and Mary gave him a list of words which let drop outside of the hearing of the husband might cause the wife to question him about their meaning and eventually, perhaps, produce some laudable action. We pictured the wife asking the husband what these strange terms meant and his embarrassment as he looked them up in the appropriate regulations. All of them were good words long hallowed in the language and G.C. was cheered at hearing them with Mary's clear diction.

I hated for G.C. to have to be bored by these people who, if you were to describe them, no one would believe. The old Pakka Saheb ones have often been described and caricatured. But no one has dealt much with these 1944s. I wished Orwell was alive and I told G.C. about the last time I had seen him in Paris in 1945 after the Bulge fight and how he had come in what looked something like civilian clothes to Room 117 of the Ritz where there was still a small arsenal to borrow a pistol because "they" were after him. He wanted a small pistol easily concealed and I found one but warned him that if he shot someone with it they probably would die eventually but that there might be a long interval. But a pistol was a pistol and he needed this one more as a talisman than a weapon I thought.

He was very gaunt and looked in bad shape and I asked him if he would not stay and eat. But he had to go. I told him I could give him a couple of people who would look after him if "they" were after him. That my characters were familiar with the local "theys" and would never bother him nor intrude on him. He said no, that the pistol was all he needed. We asked about a few mutual friends and he left. I sent two characters to pick him up at the door and tell him and check if anybody was after him. The next day their report was, "Papa, nobody is after him. He is a very chic type and knows Paris very well. We checked with so and so's brother and he says no one pursues him. He is in touch with the British Embassy but he is not an operative. This is only

hearsay. Do you want the timetable of his movements?"

"No. Did he amuse himself?"

"Yes, Papa."

"I'm happy. We will not worry about him. He has the pistol."

"That worthless pistol" one of the characters said. "But you warned him against it, Papa?"

"Yes. He could have had any pistol he wished."

"Perhaps he would have been happier if you had given him a stinger."

"No," the other character said. "A stinger is too compromising. He was happy with that pistol."

We let it go at that.

G.C. did not sleep well and often would be awake most of the night reading. He had a very good library at his house in Koflodo and I had a big duffel bag full of books that we had arranged in empty boxes in the mess tent as a library. There was an excellent bookstore near The New Stanley Hotel in Nairobi and another good one down ———. Whenever I had been in town I bought most of the new books that looked worth reading. Reading was the best palliative for G.C.'s insomnia. But it was no cure and I would often see his light on all night in his tent.



happily about a city called London that I knew of largely by hearsay and knew concretely only under the most abnormal conditions and I was happy to let them talk of it. They knew very different parts and most of them I did not know at all. So I could listen to them talk and think about Paris. That was a city that I knew under almost all circumstances. I knew it and loved it so well that I never liked to talk about it except with people from the old days. In the old days we all had our own cafés where we went alone and knew no one except the waiters. These cafés were secret places and in the old days everyone who loved Paris had his own café. They were better than clubs and you received the mail there that you did not wish to have come to your flat. Usually you had two or three secret cafés. There would be one where you went to work and

<sup>2</sup>EH margin note "Name of road?" It was Government Road. The bookstore was S.J. Moore



read the papers. You never gave the address of this café to anyone and you went there in the morning and had a *café crème* and *brioche* on the terrace and then, when they had cleaned the corner where your table was, inside and next to the window, you worked while the rest of the café was being cleaned and scrubbed and polished. It was nice to have other people working and it helped you to work. By the time the clients started to come to the café you would pay for your half bottle of Vichy and go out and walk down the quay to where you would have an aperitif and then have lunch. There were secret places to have lunch and also secret restaurants where people went that you knew.

The best secret restaurants were always discovered by Mike Ward. He knew Paris and loved her better than anyone I knew. As soon as a Frenchman discovered a secret restaurant he would give a huge party there to celebrate the secret. Mike and I hunted secret places that had one or two good small wines and had a good cook, usually a rummy, and were making a last effort to make things go before having to sell out or go into bankruptcy. We did not want any secret restaurants that were becoming successful or going up in the world. That was what always happened with Charlie Sweeney's secret restaurants. By the time he took you there the secret had been so revealed that you had to stand in line to get a table.

But Charlie was very good about secret cafés and he had a wonderful security consciousness about his own and yours. These were of course our secondary or afternoon and early evening cafés. This was a time of day when you might want to talk to someone and sometimes I would go to his secondary café and sometimes he would come to mine. He might say he wished to bring a girl he wanted me to meet or I might tell him I would bring a girl. The girls always worked. Otherwise they were not serious. No one, except fools, kept a girl. You did not want her around in the daytime and you did not want the problems she brought. If she wanted to be your girl and worked then she was serious and then she owned the nights when you wanted her and you fed her evenings and gave her things when she needed them. I never brought many girls to show them off to Charlie who always had beautiful and docile girls, all of whom worked and all of whom were under perfect discipline, because at that time my concierge was my girl. I had never known a young concierge before and it was an inspiring experience. Her greatest asset was that she could never go out, not only in society, but at all. When I first knew her, as a *locataire*, she was in love with a trooper in the *Garde républicaine*. He was the horse-tail-plumed, metal-breastplate, musket-armed type and his barracks was not very far away

in that quarter. He had regular hours for his duty and he was a fine figure of a man and whenever we met we always addressed each other formally as "*Monsieur*."

I was not in love with my concierge but I was very lonely at night at that time and the first time she came up the stairs and in through the door, which had the key in it, and then up the ladder that led to the sort of loft where the bed was beside the window that gave such a lovely view over the Cemetery Montparnasse and took off her felt-soled shoes and lay on the bed and asked me if I loved her I answered, loyally, "Naturally."

"I knew it," she said. "I've known it too long."

She undressed very quickly and I looked out at the moonlight on the cemetery.

She was clean and fragile out of sturdy but insufficient nourishment and we paid honor to the view which neither saw I had it in my mind however and when she said that the last tenant had entered and we lay and she told me that she could never love a member of the *Garde républicaine* truly I said that I thought *Monsieur* was a nice man, I said *un brave homme* at *très gentil*, and that he must look very well on a horse. But she said that she was not a horse and also that there were inconveniences.

So I was thinking this about Paris while they were talking of London and I thought that we were all brought up differently and it was good luck we got on so well and I wished G.C. was not lonely nights and that I was too damned lucky to be married to somebody as lovely as Mary and that I would straighten things out and try to be a really good husband.

"You're being awfully silent, General," G.C. said. "Are we boring you?"

"Young people never bore me. I love their careless chatter. It keeps me from feeling old and unwanted."

"— to you," G.C. said. "What were you thinking about with that semi-profound look? Not brooding are you or worrying about what the morrow will bring?"

"When I start worrying about what the morrow will bring you'll see a light burning in my tent late at night."

"— to you again, General," G.C. said.

"Don't use rough words, G.C.," Mary said. "My husband is a delicate and sensitive man and they repugn him."

"I'm glad something repugn him," G.C. said. "I love to see the good side of his character."

"He hides it carefully. What were you thinking about, darling?"

"A trooper in the *Garde républicaine*."

"You see?" G.C. said. "I always said he had a delicate side. It comes out completely unexpectedly."

## Miss Mary's Lion

it's his Proustian side. Tell me was he very attractive? I try to be broad-minded."

"Papa and Proust used to live in the same hotel," Miss Mary said. "But Papa always claims it was at different times."

"God knows what really went on," G.C. said. He was very happy and not at all tired tonight and Mary with her wonderful memory for forgetting was happy too and without any problems. She could forget in the loveliest and most complete way of anyone I ever knew. She could carry a fight overnight but at the end of a week she could forget it completely and truly. She had a built-in selective memory and it was not built entirely in her favor. She forgave herself in her memory and she forgave you, too. She was a very strange girl and I loved her very much. She had, at the moment, only two defects. She was very short for honest lion hunting and she had too good a heart to be a killer and that, I had finally decided, made her either flinch or squeeze off a little when shooting at an animal. I found this attractive and was never exasperated by it. But she was exasperated by it because, in her head, she understood why we killed and the necessity for it and she had come to take pleasure in it, after thinking that she never would kill an animal as beautiful as an impala and would kill only ugly and dangerous beasts. In six months of daily hunting she had learned to love it, shameful though it is basically, and unwhimsical as it is if done cleanly, but there was something too good in her that worked subconsciously and made her pull off the target. I loved her for it in the same way that I could not love a woman who could work in the stockyards, or put dogs or cats out of their suffering, or destroy horses who had broken their legs at a race-course.

"What was the trooper's name?" G.C. asked. "Albertine?"

"No, Monsieur."

"He's baffling us, Miss Mary," G.C. said.

They went on talking about London. So I started to think about London, too, and it was not unpleasant although much too noisy and not normal. I realized I knew nothing about London and so I started to think about Paris and in greater detail than before. Actually I was worried about Mrs. Mary's lion and so was G.C. and we were just handling it in different ways. It was always easy enough when it really happened. But Mary's lion had been going on for a long time and I wanted to get him the hell over with.

In the night I heard the lion roar several times. Then I went to sleep and Mwenda was pulling on the blanket at the foot of the cot.

"Chair, Bwana."

It was very dark outside but someone was build-

ing up the fire. I woke Mary with her tea but she did not feel well. She felt ill and had bad cramps.

"Do you want to cancel it, honey?"

"No, I feel just awful. After the tea maybe I'll be better."

"We can scrub it. It might be better to give him another day's rest."

"No, I want to go. But just let me try and feel better if I can."

I went out and washed in the cold water in the basin and washed my eyes with boric, dressed and went out to the fire. I could see G.C. shaving in front of his tent. He finished, dressed and came over.

"Mary feels rocky," I told him.

"Poor child."

"She wants to go anyway."

"Naturally."

"How'd you sleep?"

"Well, You?"

"Very well. What do you think he was doing last night?"

"I think he was just going walking about. And sounding off."

"He talks a lot. Want to split a bottle of beer?"

"It won't hurt us."

I went and got the beer and two glasses and waited for Mary. She came out of the tent and walked down the path to the latrine tent. She came back and then walked down again.

"How do you feel, honey?" I asked, when she came over to the table by the fire with her tea. Clare and Ngai were getting the guns and the binoculars and shell bags out from the tents and taking them to the hunting car.

"I don't feel good at all. Do we have anything for it?"

"Yes. But it makes you feel dopey...."

She was in obvious pain and I could see it coming back on her again.

"Honey, we'll lay off him this morning and rest him. It's the best thing to do, anyway. You take it easy and take care of yourself. G.C. can stay a couple of more days anyway."

G.C. shook his head, palm down, in negation. But Mary did not see him.

"He's your lion and you take your time and be in shape to shoot him and all the time we let him alone he will be getting more confident. If we don't go out at all this morning it's much better...."

I went over to the car and said we were not going out. Then I went and found Keti by the fire. He seemed to know all about it but he was very delicate and polite.

"Memsahib is sick."

"I know."

"Maybe spaghetti. Maybe dysentery."

"Yes," Keti said. "I think spaghetti."



After we were sure that the lion would have left our bait if he had been on it C.C. and I went out to have a look at the country in his Land-Rover. Beasts were accustomed to seeing this vehicle and we thought the lion if he saw it might not connect it with the hunting car whose silhouette he knew. Many years ago I had discovered, or believed I had, that lions have no depth of vision and see only in silhouette. I had experimented with this, and later gambled on it in photographing wild lions at close range in the old days before the Serengeti was a game reserve and I was convinced that it was true. In those days I did not have the respect for lions that I should and Pop was along to back me up if I was wrong. Now I know much more about lions and respected them much more but I still thought this was a valid theory. C.C. wanted to go in the Land-Rover anyway, so it did not make much difference.

Miss Mary had said that what she wanted was to rest and be by herself. I had given her some chlo-ro-dyne in water and she had kept it down. She was also going to try some tea again. I wanted to stay with her but she hated being ill and if she were sick she wanted to be by herself.

"You and C.C. go. Please go. Mwendu will look after me. But don't spook the lion. The only good thing about me being this way is that we give him a rest."

I promised her we wouldn't even get out of the bait and we started over to the Land-Rover and got in with C.C.'s head Came Scout and Ngai in the back. The head Came Scout was a tall, handsome, very soldierly Wakamba with a mustache. He was very good at his work and fanatically devoted to C.C. He was also devoted to Miss Mary and I always had a strong feeling that he thought I was not good enough for her. He would like to have seen her married to the Governor General at least. Ngai usually tried to look as unsmart as possible when he and the head Came Scout were together.

The grass seemed to have doubled in height in the night and it was a lovely clear cool morning with almost no wind. There seemed to be about three sorts of grass and one was a rather weedy sort that was growing faster than the others. There was more game than ever and we moved along the tire tracks as though through a park.

When we were about opposite where the bait

had been taken well over to our right we hit the tracks of the big lion crossing the fire tracks to go into the woods across the dead grass field to our left. The tracks were fresh and there was no dew on them. Some of the weedy grass was bruised and the sap was fresh on the cracked stems. There were dry places on the tall grass where he had gone in shoulder high.

"How long ago?"

"An hour," Ngai said. "Not much more." He looked at the head Came Scout who nodded.

"They are very fresh," he said in English.

"He stayed out maybe an hour longer, C.C.," I said.

"We're getting him, Papa," C.C. said. "I don't think we'll go near the bait. It's all gone now. We'll feed him tonight same place."

"Good thing Mary doesn't know he crossed here in plenty good light."

"It's the best thing," C.C. said. "We're getting ahead of him now."

"Two more days."

"You said you could deal with him."

"We bloody well can, too."

"Don't be cross. You don't mind me being along though?"

"Let's not talk rot."

"Let's talk sense then. Suppose Miss Mary hits him and he doesn't come. If he comes I grant you kill him but you have your wife to think about and she has to stand where she is because if she runs he'll go for her. This is all fine. You play the heroic type and bring him down at your feet. Or he brings you down on over apple cart. Is that the correct American expression?"

"Quite correct. Only now they say 'and then the — went into the electric fan.'"

"I'll make a note of that."

"Be worthless. They'll be saying something else the next time you have Americans on your hands. People are hired to make up these expressions. They're called gag writers."

"O.K.," C.C. said. "You are my gag writer. Now you've entered the electric fan."

"Thanks."

"Now," C.C. said, "I'm not the contemplative type. I'm the strategic type."

"The hell you are. You're the emotional instant-decision type who's only alive because he shoots twice as fast as Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday combined."

The Land-Rover was stopped now under some green and yellow trees with tall wide branches and in the shade we were both looking across the gray of the mud flats, dry now, toward the green of the papyrus swamp and the green-brown hills beyond.

"All right," C.C. said. "There isn't anything out there except just the usuals. So I can shoot faster

## Miss Mary's Lion

than you, I'm glad to hear that admitted. But here you are the brusque, semi-heroic, outmoded miracle type who brings them down like the bowman at Cricy. Now suppose Miss Mary hits this lion somewhere and instead of coming he has a little sense and breaks for better cover where you will have to go in and dig him out and every one of the miraculous shots that you throw after him throws dust behind his ass and he makes the island of thick cover."

"You know what I have to do to them."

"Do you like it?"

"Not even with you."

"But we do it."

"I go in with the pump full of buckshot and you stay on his most likely exit route and Arap Manna on his next and Miss Mary is on the top of a truck whether she likes it or not. I go in with Ngui to see him for me, if he can see him, before he comes."

"Do you like it?"

"I'll buy it."

"What if all this starts at eighteen hundred hours and you have one half an hour light to complete the operation?"

"Do you have to get morbid?"

"No," G.C. said. "I'm the contemplative type and I was only contemplating."

"Let's get him so confident that he'll come out anytime."

"I couldn't agree more fully. Do you think we've earned a drink?"

"Beer."

"Did you really bring some?"

I asked Ngui for a bottle. It was wrapped in a wet sack and was still cold from the night and we sat in the Land-Rover in the shade of the tree and drank it out of the bottle and looked off across the dried mud flat and then watched the small Tommies and the black movement of the wildebeest and the zebra that looked a gray white in this light as they moved out across the flat to the grass on the far side and at the end toward the Chyulu hills. The hills were a dark blue this morning and looked very far away. Turning to look back at the great mountain it looked very close. It seemed to be just behind camp and the snow was heavy and bright in the sun.

"We could hunt Miss Mary on stilts," I said. "Then she could see him as the tall grass."

"There's nothing in the Game Laws against it."

"Or Choro could carry a step ladder such as they have in libraries for the higher stacks."

"That's brilliant," G.C. said. "We'd pad the rump and she could take a rest with the rifle on the rump above where she stood."

"You don't think it would be too immobile?"

"It'd be up to Choro to make it mobile."

"It would be a beautiful sight," I said. "We could mount an electric fan on it."

"We could build it in the form of an electric fan," G.C. said happily. "But that would probably be considered a vehicle and illegal."

"If we rolled it forward and had Miss Mary keep climbing in it like a squirrel would it be illegal?"

"Anything that rolls is a vehicle," G.C. said judicially.

"I roll slightly when I walk."

"Then you're a vehicle. I'll run you in and you'll get six months and be shipped out of the Colony."

"We have to be careful, G.C."

"Care and moderation have been our watchwords, haven't they? Any more in that bottle?"

"We can share the drops."

"A pair of drug sharers out in the blue."

"The Chalus are blue."

They were very blue and very beautiful.

"Chylus," G.C. corrected. "Tell me what is The Wild Blue Yonder that your Air Force has a song about?"

"It is a Challenge to Man."

"I know a beautiful airline stewardess that is a Challenge to Man."

"She's probably the one they're talking about in the song."

Back in camp we found that Miss Mary was much better. But she was weak and she did not feel well and it was natural that she should not be in good temper. She was nearly always in wonderful temper in Africa and we had not had a fight since Fig Tree camp in the Maquadi area where I had turned on the short-wave radio to listen to the World Series and then fallen asleep while listening. This was an irritating enough thing to do since we should have been sleeping soundly in order to get up rested and fresh before daylight to hunt the lion that Mary was even then engaged in pursuing instead of me lying asleep by a radio which kept Mary awake. Someone, undoubtedly me, had smashed the radio antenna and we had gone to meet the appointment, which the lion had not kept, with a certain amount of grumpiness. Several weeks later I found out how the Series came out. That night I had my cot moved out of the tent and slept in the open. This was fine. But Mary pointed out, quite rightly, that it left her in the tent at the mercy of any beast that wandered in. We compromised finally, I believe, by putting my cot outside in a way that blocked the entrance of beasts by the front flap of the tent. . .

On this day Mary was angry with me and I knew that I could do nothing right to offset all the wrong things I had probably done all my life. You did not mind or pretended you did not mind at such times

<sup>1</sup>E.H. margin note: Put in about what happened to the man who tried to do it with fires at night.

and after a while you might be re-received into the status of a member of the human race. But it was best not to be too sure because you might yet be accused of those atrocities you had committed against a former wife. In some ways those atrocities, on which there was a certain difference of opinion, but on which Miss Mary had received the authorized version by the wife, might have been considered to have been, in a way, if not expiated at least to have come under some statute of limitations. But this was not so. They were as fresh and as alive as though they were in the morning mail if there had been a morning mail. They did not fade nor pale as the atrocities of the first war did and no matter how many times you had been convicted and fined for them they were as fresh as the first launching of the hayonated Belgian balloons.

So it was to be one of those days of "Would you mind giving me that book? That happens to be the book that I am reading."

Oz, "Do you know that the camp is completely out of meat due to your carelessness or incapacity? Everyone has complained to me about your thoughtlessness. We are allowed to have meat to feed the boys aren't we, G.C.?"

Oz, "Did you take small envelopes out of this box? No?"

This to be followed by elaborate and obvious industry to show that there was someone around this camp who was serious and did not take their duties lightly or sloppily, frequent trips to the green tent at the edge of the fever trees, which, it is true, had not been built with possible dysentery in mind but had been placed there since it was the nearest shade and shelter apart from the clump of trees which shaded the camp and the lines. I felt terribly that Mary felt ill and I did not blame her for being in bad temper but for the moment there was nothing to do. The best thing was to get out of her sight but there is no place to go in Africa at high noon except the shade and so I took a chair in the mess tent which, with its heavy fly and the bronze that came through, was cool and comfortable. It would have been nice to take the road up the slope of the mountain to Lotekitok and sit in the back room of Mr. Singh's teahouse and saloon and read and listen to the sawmill. But that would have been desertion.

We had one of those lunches finally where the hostess is quietly heroic and wonderful to the guest and the husband would be better off eating in the lines. The shadow of all my sins, past, present and future lay spread across the table and catsup and mustard on the cheese did not help them. I had enjoyed my actual sins, those I had committed rather than those I had been accused of, and I could never be contrite about them because I knew I might well commit them again. I was not convinced, in

the daylight, that they were sins and today I did not care very much. I knew we had prepared Miss Mary's lion for her as well as possible and I knew I was going to have to find and butcher meat when the sun was low in the afternoon and kill a bait. G.G. had to write his monthly report. Mary was going to help with the typing.



We were getting worried about Mary. G.G. and I agreed that she probably had the start of dysentery as well as ptomaine.

I went to see her and she asked if we had gotten any food for the camp. I said that we had. She inquired what and I told her.

"Did you shoot well?"

"Moderately."

"You can go into rhapsodies about it if you want."

"I've been out hutchering for the camp. That's all."

"Then why talk so much about it? Wasn't everyone delighted and amazed and overwhelmed by how wonderfully you shot?"

"They didn't mention it. Arap Maana kissed me."

"You'd gotten him drunk I suppose?"

"Actually not. He'd found the jenny flask."

"I suppose you're drunk too?"

"No. Decidedly not."

"But you will be."

"You may have something there."

"G.G. hasn't brought his report yet for me to type."

"He's another son of a bitch," I said. "The camp's full of them. Are you running any fever?"

"No. I just have bad cramps and feel awful."

"Do you feel as though you'd be going out tomorrow?"

"I'd go out no matter how I feel."

I went and found G.G. He was sitting under the fly of his tent working on the report. We had an absolute privacy rule so I left him.

"Forget it," he said. "Let's have a drink and watch the sunset. What are we doing in camp anyway?"

"I'm cheering up Miss Mary. But she isn't having any of it."

"Poor girl."

"I think she'll get the bastard tomorrow."

"She's going out in the morning?"

"Complete with handles."

"Splendid," G.C. said. "Lovely Miss Mary."

So on the next day Miss Mary killed her lion.

## Miss Mary's Lion

The day that Miss Mary shot her lion was a very beautiful day. That was about all that was beautiful about it. White flowers had blossomed in the night so that with the first daylight before the sun had risen all the meadows looked as though a full moon was shining on snow now through a mist. Mary was up and dressed long before first light. The right sleeve of her bush jacket was rolled up and she had checked all the rounds in her Mannlicher .256. She said she did not feel well and I believed her. She acknowledged G.C.'s and my greetings briefly and we were careful not to make any jokes. I did not know what she had against G.C. except his tendency to lightheartedness in the face of unadmittedly serious work. Her being angry at me was a sound reaction I thought. If she were in a bad mood I thought she might feel mean and shoot as deadly as I knew she knew how to shoot. This agreed with my last and greatest theory that she had too kind a heart to kill animals. Some people shoot easily and loosely; others shoot with a dreadful speed that is still so controlled that they have all the time they need to place the bullet as carefully as a surgeon would make his first incision; others are mechanical shots who are very deadly unless something happens to interfere with the mechanics of the shooting. This morning it looked as though Miss Mary was going out to shoot with grim resolution, contemptuous of all those who did not take things with appropriate seriousness, armored in her bad physical condition which provided an excuse if she missed, and full of rigid, concentrated do or die deadliness. It seemed fine to me. It was a new approach.

We waited by the hunting car for it to be light enough to start and we were all solemn and deadly. Ngui nearly always had an evil temper in the very early morning so he was solemn, deadly and sullen. Charo was solemn, deadly but faintly cheerful. He was like a man going to a funeral who did not really feel too deeply about the deceased. Muthoka was happy as always watching with his wonderful eyes for the lightning of the darkness.<sup>1</sup>

We were all hunters and it was the start of that wonderful thing the hunt. There is much mystic nonsense written about hunting but it is something that is probably much older than religion. Some are hunters and some are not. Miss Mary was a hunter and a brave and lovely one but she had come to it late instead of as a child and many of the things that had happened to her in hunting came as unexpectedly as being in heat for the first time to the kitten when she becomes a cat. She grasped all these new knowledges and changes as things we know and other people don't.

It was a good enough grouping and the four of us

who had seen her go through these changes and had seen her now, for months, hunting something grimly and seriously against every possible sort of odds were like the cuadrilla of a very young matador. If the matador was serious the cuadrilla would be serious. They knew all the matador's defects and they were all well paid in different ways. All had lost completely any faith in the matador and all had regained it many times. As we sat in the car or moved around it waiting for it to be light enough to set out I was reminded very much of how it is before a bullfight.

Our matador was solemn, so we were solemn, since we loved our matador. Our matador was not well. This made it even more necessary that he be protected and given even a better chance in everything he chose to do. But as we sat and leaned and felt sleep drain from us we were as happy as hunters. Probably no one is as happy as hunters with the always new, fresh, unknowing day ahead and Mary was a hunter too. But she had set herself this task and being guided and trained and indoctrinated into the purity and virtue of killing a lion by Pop who had made her his last pupil and given her ethics he had never been able to impose on other women so that her killing of her lion must not be the way such things are done but the way such things should ideally be done: Pop finding finally in Mary the spirit of a fighting cock embodied in a woman; a loving and belated killer with the only defect that no one could say where the shot would go. Pop had given her the ethics and then it was necessary that he go away. She had the ethics now but she only had G.C. and me and neither of us was to be really trusted as Pop would have been. So now she was going out again to her corral that always was postponed.

Muthoka nodded to me that the light was beginning to be possible and we started off through the fields of white flowers. As we came even with the trees of the forest with the high dead yellow grass on our left Muthoka slid the car to a quiet stop. He turned his head and I saw the arrow-shaped scar on his cheek and the slashes. He said nothing and I followed his eyes. The great black-maned lion, his head huge above the yellow grass, was coming out toward us. Only his head showed above the stiff tall yellow grass.

"What you say we circle easy back to camp?" I whispered to G.C.

"I quite agree," he whispered.

As we spoke the lion turned and moved back toward the forest. All you could see of him was the movements of the high grass.

When we got back to camp and had breakfast Mary understood why we had done what we did and agreed that it was right and necessary. But the corral had been called off again when she was all

<sup>1</sup>E.H. margin note: "Re-do"

set and tense for it and we were not popular. I felt so sorry that she felt ill and I wanted her to let down in tension if she could. There was no use going on talking about how the lion had made a mistake finally. Both G.C. and I were sure we had him now. He had not fed during the night and had come out to look for the bait in the morning. He had gone back into the forest again. He would lie up hungry and, if he were not disturbed, he should be out early in the evening; that is he should be. If he was not C.C. had to leave the next day no matter what happened and the lion would revert back to Mary and me on our own. But the lion had broken his pattern of behavior and made a very grave mistake and I did not worry any more about our getting him. I might have been happier to hunt him with Mary without C.C. but I loved to hunt with C.C. too and I was not so stupid as to want any sort of bad show to happen with me alone with Mary. C.C. had pointed out too well how it could be. I always had the great illusion of Mary hitting the lion exactly where she should and the lion rolling over like anything else, as I had seen them do so many times, and he as dead as only a lion can be. I was going to drive two into him if he rolled over alive and that was that. Miss Mary would have killed her lion and been happy about it always, and I would only have given him the puntilla and she would know it and love me very much forever world without end amen.

C.C.'s head Game Scout and Arap Mauna went out to bring back the word. C.C. and I had wanted to go out but we had decided that two white men stinking up the ground with a smart lion was not worthwhile. Some people say lions have no sense of smell and some people can be wrong. We sat around and talked shop and made jokes and G.C. went to work on his report. I went over to see Miss Mary but she just felt bad and did not want company, and I went out to the lines and spoke to Keiti and the cook and we spoke of various things. Keiti had heard the lion roar in the night but in the direction of the forest. He had heard other lions hunting well to the north, toward the salt lick he thought. Keiti said he was sure we would get the big lion now and I told him my medicine had already told me so and that I expected Miss Mary to kill him this afternoon or evening. Keiti smiled and said nothing. Then he said, "Maur."

Everybody who had been up early was sleeping so I walked back to the mess tent to read a book by a man who had been very heroic in command of a submarine, then very lucky, then very insubordinate finally and wrote with false modesty and bitterness. That year you had the choice between escapers, climbers, underwater men, ex-RAF types, submariners of all nationalities, African adventurers, explorers of Mow Mau, and an exceptionally good

book by Colonel, as he was then, Lindbergh which made him seem human and thus air over the Atlantic a dangerous, strange and interesting place. There were also accounts of prisoners of the Japs, of beggary in Burma at platoon level, believable and unbelievable stories of elephants and those who hunted and trained them. It was not too bad a year for books. Fiction was almost uniformly worthless except for books about nasty characters who suffered heart attacks or were apprehended by the police in England, and about professors and instructors in American universities who did or did not live up to their ideals and were all brought down in the end by various committees. Chambers was emptying his pot, a man named McCarthy was gathering a following and being attacked, some Lord had come out either for or against a man named Hiss, it was hard to determine. But none of us book readers cared too much for Hiss, McCarthy or Chambers. It was difficult to imagine them in the area.

Just then a Land-Rover, one of the new, larger and faster models we had never seen before, drove into camp through the wonderful field of white flowers that had been dust a month ago and mud one week before. This car was driven by a red-faced man of middle height who wore a faded khaki uniform of an officer in the Kenya police. He was dusty from the road and there were white smile wrinkles at the corners of his eyes that cracked the dust.

"Anybody home?" he asked coming into the mess tent and taking off his cap. Through the open, muslin-screened end that faced toward the mountain I had seen the car come up.

"Everybody home," I said. "How are you, Mr. Harry?"

"I'm quite well."

"Sit down and let me make you something. You can stay the night can't you...?"

Harry Steele was shy, overworked, kind and ruthless. He was fond of Africans and understood them and he was proud to enforce the law and carry out orders. He was as gentle as he was tough and he was not revengeful nor a hater, nor was he ever stupid, nor sentimental. He did not hold grudges in a grudge-holding country, and I never saw him be petty about anything. He was administering the law in a time of corruption, hatreds, sadism and considerable hysteria and he worked himself each day past the limit that a man can possibly go, never working to seek promotion or advancement because he knew his worth at what he was doing. Miss Mary one time said that he was a portable fortress of a man.

Today he was a tired fortress and I thought of the first time I had ever seen him when he was only a shape at the wheel of a motor car on a very dark night in a vehicle which had not answered a

## Miss Mary's Lion

challenge after curfew and G.C. had ordered me, "Shoot the man at the wheel," and I had covered him and taken up the slack on the trigger but had challenged again being sure something was wrong, and it had turned out to be Harry Steele with three converted Mau Mau with him. He had never been stuffy about that and had complimented G.C. on his efficiency. But he was the only man I had ever known that I had held a rifle on at twelve yards and started to squeeze off on who had been completely without bitterness.

On this day I knew that he had lost a sergeant that he felt about as I felt about Ngugi; the sergeant chopped into pieces and mutilated in the last week. And we did not speak about this, not because of any traditions of good form or the stiff upper lip but because it does no good to talk about the death of those we love or care for deeply if he wished to speak about it in any practical way of imparting knowledge he would do so. . .

"Are you having fun here?"

"Very much."

"I've heard a little. What's this about your having to kill a leopard before the birthday of the Baby Jesus?"

"That's for that picture story for the magazine [Look] we were making the pictures for in September. We had a photographer and he took thousands of pictures and I've written a short article and captions for the pictures they use. They have a beautiful picture of a leopard and I shot him but he isn't mine."

"How does that work?"

"We were after a big lion that was very smart. It was over on the other side of the Ewaso Ngiro beyond Magadi under the escarpment."

"Well off my beat."

"We were trying to work up on this lion and this friend of mine climbed up a little rocky kopje with his gunbearer to look ahead to see if the lion had showed. The lion was for Mary because he and I had both killed lions. So we didn't know what the hell had happened when we heard him shoot and then something was down in the dust roaring. It was a leopard and the dust was so deep that it rose solid in a cloud and the leopard kept on roaring and nobody knew which direction he was coming out of the dust. This friend of mine, Mayito Memonel, had hit him twice from up above and I had shot into the moving center of the dust and ducked and moved to the right where it was natural he would break out. Then he showed his head up just once out of the dust still talking bad and I hit him in the neck and the dust started to settle. It was sort of like a gunfight in the dust outside of an old-time saloon out west. Except the leopard didn't have any gun but he was close enough to have maulled anyone. And he was awfully worked up. The pho-

tographer took pictures of Mayito and him and of all of us and him and of me and him. He was Mayito's because Mayito hit him first and hit him again. So the best picture of the lion was the one with me and the magazine wanted to use it and I said they couldn't unless I killed a good leopard alone by myself. And so far I've failed three times."

"I didn't know the ethics were so rigid."

"Unfortunately they are. It's the law too. First blood and continuous pursuit."

"Is it perfectly all right if I don't understand you and G.C. completely?"

"I think something would be wrong if you did. Harry. Try to find out sometime if G.C. understands himself."

"Don't you understand him?"

"Hell, no. His ethics are too complicated for me."

"By God none of us are safe," Harry said. "But you're a writer. Writers are supposed to understand things. That's what they implied in the book of words."

"Africa is very complicated. Harry."

"You know," he said, "that idea had occurred to me. Perhaps I was just at the point of grasping it. You were good to put it so clearly."



I have many presentiments of things that do not happen. But I never thought ever that a day was going to be rougher than this day was going to be. Arap Maina and the head Game Scout had brought back the word that the two lionesses and the young lion had killed far up on the edge of the salt flat. Our bait had not been uncovered except where hyenas had pulled at it and the two scouts had recovered it carefully. There were birds in the trees around it that would surely draw the lion but the birds could not get at the remains of the zebra which were high enough to draw the lion surely. He had not fed nor killed in the night, and since he was hungry and had not been disturbed we might, almost surely, find him in the open in the evening. This was all good and my bad feeling came from something else.

"How do you feel, honey?" I asked Mary.

"I'm sorry, Big Kitten," she said. "I can make it to lunch all right. But I feel really awful."

"It's a lovely day and the lion should almost surely be out."

"I know it. That's what's so awful. I feel just ter-



rible, I'm warning that path out. The flowers are so beautiful and the mountain is so wonderful and I just feel too awful...."

We had lunch and Mary was very cheerful and gracious with all of us. I believe she even asked me if I wanted any more of the cold meat. When I said no thank you I'd had enough, she said it would be good for me, that any man who drinks a great deal needs to eat. This was not only a very old truth but had been the basis of an article in the Reader's Digest that we had all read. That number of the Digest was down in the latrine tent now. I said that I had decided to run on a platform of true rumynhood and deceive none of my constituents. Churchill drank twice what I did if you could believe the accounts, and had just been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. I was simply trying to step up my drinking to a reasonable amount when I might win the prize myself, who knows?

G.C. said that the prize was as good as mine and that I ought to win it for bragging alone since Churchill had been awarded it, at least partially, for oratory. Harry said that he had not followed the prize awards as closely as he should but that he felt I might well be awarded for my work in the religious field and for my care of the natives. Miss Mary suggested that if I would try to write something, occasionally, I might win it for writing. This moved me very deeply and I said that once she had the lion I would do nothing but write; just to please her. She said that if I wrote even a little it would certainly please her. Harry asked me if I planned to write something about how mysterious Africa was and that if I planned to write in Swahili he could get me a book on up-country Swahili that might be invaluable to me. Miss Mary said that we already had the book and that she thought even with the book it would be better if I tried to write in English. I suggested that I might copy sections of the book to help me get an up-country style. Miss Mary said I could not write one correct sentence in Swahili nor speak one either and I agreed with her very softly that this was true.

"Pop speaks it so beautifully and so does G.C. and so does Harry and you are a disgrace. I don't know how anyone can speak a language as badly as you do."

I wanted to say that at one time, years before, it had looked as though I were going to speak it quite well. But that I had been a fool not to have stayed on in Africa and instead gone back to America where I had killed my homesickness for Africa in different ways. Then before I could get back came the Spanish war and I became involved in what was happening to the world and I had stayed with that for better and for worse until I had finally come back. It had not been easy to get back nor to break the chains of responsibility that are built up, seem-

ing as lightly as spider webs but that hold like steel cables....

They were all having a good time now joking and making fun of one another and I poked a little but was careful to be very modest and contrite hoping to win back Miss Mary's favor and hoping to keep her in a good humor in case the lion would show. I had been drinking Bulmer's dry cider which I had found to be a marvelous drink. G.C. had brought some in from Kapado from the stores. It was very light and refreshing and did not slow you down at all shooting. It came in full quarts and had screw-on tops and I used to drink it in the night when I woke instead of water. Mary's extremely nice coosin had given us two small square sacking-covered pillows filled with balsam needles. I always slept with mine under my neck or, if I slept on my side, with my ear on it. It was the smell of Michigan when I was a boy and I wished I could have had a sweet grass basket to keep it in when we traveled and to have under the mosquito net in the bed at night. The cider tasted like Michigan too, and I always remembered the cider mill and the door which was never locked but only fitted with a hasp and wooden pin, and the smell of the sacks used in the pressing and later spread to dry, and then spread over the deep tubs where the men who came to grind their wagonloads of apples left the mill's share. Below the dam of the cider mill there was a deep pool where the eddy from the falling water in turning out back in under the dam. You could always catch trout if you fished there patiently and whenever I caught one I would kill him and lay him in the big wicker creel that was in the shade and put a layer of fern leaves over him and then go into the cider mill and take the tin cup off the nail on the wall over the tubs and pull up the heavy sacking from one of the tubs and dip out a cup of cider and drink it. This cider that we had now reminded me of Michigan; especially with the pillow....

Sitting now at the table I was pleased Mary seemed to be feeling better and I hoped the lion would show in the late afternoon and that she would kill him dead and be happy forever after. Then I hoped that I might get the leopard quickly and then that we might all relax and have fun the way we know how to have it. After Miss Mary's lion we would start to have fun. I knew of three different leopards in the area and there were probably more and if I hunted intelligently I could certainly find one and if I didn't I would go down to Fig Tree camp where I knew there was one that believed he owned the country. I planned to go down with Ngai and Pop's gunbearer, maybe, and we would not need any camp but just hunt there until we got him. If I could have stayed there one more day I am quite sure I would have killed him. But no sentence that starts with if is any good in Africa and most sentences start that way.

## Miss Mary's Lion

We finished lunch and everybody was cheerful and we all said we would take a nap and I would call Miss Mary when it was time to go look for the lion.

Mary went to sleep almost as soon as she lay down on her cot. The back of the tent was propped open and a good cool breeze blew down from the mountain and through the tent. We ordinarily slept facing the open door of the tent but I took the pillows and placed them at the opposite end of the cot and, doubling them over and with the balsam pillow under my neck, lay on the cot with my boots and trousers off and read with the good light behind me. I was reading a very good book by Gerald Hanley who had written another good book called *The Consul at Sunset*. This book was about a lion who made much trouble and killed practically all the characters in the book. G.C. and I used to read this book in the mornings on the latrine to inspire us. There were a few characters the lion did not kill but they were all headed for some other sort of bad fate so we did not really mind. Hanley wrote very well and it was an excellent book and very inspiring when you were in the lion-hunting business. I had seen a lion come at speed once and I had been very impressed and am still impressed. On this afternoon I was reading the book very slowly because it was such a good book and I did not want to finish it. I was hoping the lion would kill the hero or the Old Major because they were both very noble and nice characters and I had gotten very fond of the lion and wanted him to kill some upper-bracket characters. The lion was doing very well though and he had just killed another very sympathetic and important character when I decided it would be better to save the rest and got up and pulled on my trousers and put my boots on without zipping them up and went over to see if G.C. was awake. I coughed outside his tent the way The Informer always did outside the mass tent.

"Come in, General," G.C. said.

"No," I said. "A man's home is his castle. Are you feeling up to facing the deadly beasts?"

"It's too early yet. Did Mary sleep?"

"She's still sleeping. What are you reading?"

"Lindbergh. It's damned good. What were you reading?"

"The Year of the Lion. I'm sweating out the lion."

"You've been reading that for a month."

"Six weeks."

I finished talking to G.C. and went over to the tent to see Mary.

"Do you want to go out, honey? We're going out for a look in Harry's big new Land-Rover."

"I feel too badly."

"All right. We'll be careful not to disturb anything and if we see him we'll come back and get you."

"I'm worthless," she said. "And I feel terrible."

"Try to rest and take it as easy as you can."

"How can I rest and take it easy when my lion is going to come out and I'll not be there to meet him?"

"We'll be back for you if he's out."

"And he'll be gone back into the forest."

I walked over to where G.C. and Harry were waiting in the new car under the tree and climbed in the front with them. G.C. was driving and we went out through the meadow of white flowers to the airstrip. G.C. turned onto the tracks that were grown up with the flowers and drove the length of the strip toward the Kill-manjaro and then made a turn and drove back beside his tracks. The flowers came up to the hubs of the wheels. It was late afternoon and when we had driven up the strip the mountain was huge and white beyond the dark green trees of camp. Now we were driving into the late sun with the mountain behind us...

G.C. seemed sort of glazed with contentment with a new car and we moved off the airstrip speedway and onto what I thought of as The Great North Road; the tire tracks that paralleled the forest and led up toward the mud flats, the salt licks and the buffalo swamp. Ngai and G.C.'s head Game Scout were in back and they were watching for the lion. So was I and so were G.C. and Harry.

"If he's out," I told Harry, "really out, he'll be over in one of those clumps of trees on the right." We drove on, very slowly and quietly now with no one speaking. The sun was on our left over the hills behind the forest. G.C.'s Game Scout reached forward and put his hand on G.C.'s shoulder. He did not point but looked and G.C. very carefully stopped the car.

"There he is, Harry," he said very low.

"I see him."

I could not believe it when I saw him. Neither could Ngai. The lion lay on top of an anthill looking away from us. It was a broad-topped gray mound and the lion was molded on its top as though he were sculptured there. The mound was in the shade of a wide-topped thorn tree and I had never seen a lion look so big, nor so black. His great head was black and his mane swept in a black wedge over his back into the tawny gray of his flanks. I had never seen a lion looking that way except in a painting or a heroic sculpture. What was he doing there? He who had been so wary and so intelligent. Why had he gotten up in plain sight like that?

The wind was blowing toward us and he had not heard as we seen us. G.C. let in the clutch very quietly and turned the car and we went back down

<sup>1</sup>E.H. manuscript note: Put in description. The position of the limbs and tail."

the road and when we were out of sight of the lion he drove as fast as we could go for camp.

"What the hell put him up there?" I asked G.G.

"He got confident. He finally got confident. He went up there to look over his country and enjoy himself. It is his country."

"He's a hell of a lion," Harry said. "I can see why the Mensab is worked up about him. Does he really kill cattle or did you just make that up to feed the troops?"

"He kills cattle," I said.

In camp I got Mary up while the gunbearer got Mary's rifle and my big gun from under the beds and checked the solids and the soft-nosed and then ran to the big Land-Rover.

"He's there, honey. He's there and you'll get him."

"It's late. Why didn't you take him? It's so damned late."

"Don't think about anything. Just get out in the car."

"I have to put my boots on. You know that."

"I was helping her on with them."

"Where's my damned hat?"

"Here's your damned hat. Walk. Don't run to the nearest Land-Rover. Don't think about anything but hitting him."

"Don't talk to me so much. Leave me alone."

Mary and G.G. and Harry were in the front seat with Harry driving. Ngai, Ghoro and I were in the open back with the Game Scout. I was checking the cartridges in the barrel and the magazine of the .30-06, checking those in my pockets and cleaning the rear sight aperture of any dust with a toothpick. Mary was holding her rifle straight up and I had a fine view of the newly wiped dark barrel and the Scotch tape that held her rear sight leaves down, of the back of her head and her disreputable hat. The sun was just above the hills now and we were out of the flowers and going north on the old track that ran parallel to the woods. Somewhere on the right was the lion.

When we came up in sight of the high rounded cone of the anthill he was gone. The car stopped and everyone got out except Harry who stayed at the wheel. The lion's tracks went off to the right toward a clump of trees and brush on our side of the lone tree where the bait was covered by a pile of brush. He was not on the bait and there were no birds on it either. They were all up in the trees. I looked back at the sun and it did not have more than ten minutes before it would be behind the far hills to the west. Ngai had climbed the anthill and looked carefully over the top. He pointed with his hand held close by his face so that you could hardly see it move and then came fast down from the mound.

"Yuko hapa," he said. "He's there. Mzuri motokan."

G.G. and I both looked at the sun again and G.G. waved his arm for Harry to come up. We climbed into the car and G.G. told Harry how he wanted him to go.

"But where is he?" Mary asked G.G.

G.G. put his hand on Harry's arm and Harry stopped the car.

"We leave the car back here," G.G. told Mary. "He must be in that far clump of trees and brush. Papa will take the left flank and block him off from breaking back to the forest. You and I will move straight in on him."

The sun was still above the hills as we moved up toward where the lion must be. Ngai was behind me and on our right Mary was walking a little ahead of G.G. Ghoro was behind G.G. They were walking straight toward the trees with the thin brush at their base. I could see the lion now and I kept working to the left, walking sideways and forward. The light showed the lion, huge black and long towmy gray gold and he was watching us. He was watching us and I thought what a bad place he had gotten himself into now. Every step I made I was blocking him worse from his safety that he had retreated into so many times. He had no chance now except to break toward me, to come out toward Mary and G.G., which he did not figure to do unless he were wounded, or to try for the next island of heavy cover, trees and thick brush that was four hundred and fifty yards away to the north. To reach that he would have to cross open flat plain.

Now I figured that I was far enough to the left and began moving on toward the lion. He stood there thigh deep in brush and I saw his head turn once to look toward me and then it swung back to watch Mary and G.G. His head was huge and dark but when he moved it the head did not look too big for his body. His body was heavy, great and long. I did not know how close G.G. would try to work Mary toward the lion. I did not watch them. I watched the lion and waited to hear the shot. I was as close as I needed to be now with room to take him as he came and I was sure that if he were wounded he would break toward me as his natural cover was behind me. Mary must take him soon, I thought. She can't get any closer. But maybe G.G. wants her closer. I looked at them from the corner of my eyes, my head down, not looking away from the lion. I could see Mary wanted to shoot and that G.G. was preventing her. They were not trying to work closer so I figured that from where they were there were some limbs of brush between Mary and the lion. I watched the lion and felt the change in his coloring as the first peak of the hills took the sun. It was good light to shoot in now but it would go fast. I watched the lion and he moved very slightly to his right and then looked at Mary and G.G. I could see his eyes. Still Mary did not shoot. Then the lion

## Miss Mary's Lion

moved very slightly again and I heard Mary's rifle go and the dry whack of the bullet. She had hit him. The lion made a bound into the brush and then came out of the far side headed for the patch of heavy cover to the north. Mary was firing at him and I was sure she hit him. He was moving in long bounds his great head swinging. I shot and raised a puff of dirt behind him. I swung with him and squeezed off as I passed him and was behind him again. G.C.'s big double was firing and I saw the blossoms of dirt from it. I fired again picking up the lion in the sights and swung ahead of him and a bunch of dirt rose ahead of him. He was running heavy now and desperate but beginning to look small in the sights and almost certain to make the far cover when I had him in the sights again, very small now and going away fast, and swung gently ahead and lifting over him and squeezed as I passed him and no dirt rose and I saw him slide forward, his front feet plovering and his great head down before we heard the thunk of the bullet. Ngu banged me on the back and put his arm around me. The lion was trying to get up now and G.C. hit him and he rolled onto his side.

I went over to Mary and kissed her. She was happy but something was wrong.

"You shot before I did," she said.

"Don't say that, honey. You shot and hit him. How could I shoot before you when we'd waited all that time?"

"Ndu. Mensahab pipa," Choro said. He had been right behind Mary.

"Of course you hit him. You hit him the first time in the foot I think. You hit him again too."

"But you killed him."

"We all had to keep him from getting into that thick stuff after he was hit."

"But you shot first. You know you did."

"I did not. Ask G.C."

It was a long walk and the lion grew larger and deadlier as we walked. We were all walking up to where the lion lay. With the sun gone it was getting dark fast. The shooting light was gone already. I felt wrong out inside and very tired. G.C. and I were both wet with sweat.

"Of course you hit him, Mary," G.C. told her. "Papa didn't shoot until he went into the open. You hit him twice."

"Why couldn't I have shot him when I wanted to when he was just standing there and looking at me?"

"There were branches that could have deflected the bullet or broken it up. That was why I made you wait."

"Then he moved."

"He had to move for you to shoot him."

"But did I really hit him first?"

"Of course you did. Nobody would have shot at him before you did."

"You're not just lying to make me happy?"

"This was a scene that Choro had seen before."

"PIGA!" he said violently. "Piga, Mensahab, PIGA!"

I slapped Ngu on the hip with the side of my hand and looked toward Choro and he went over.

"Piga," he said harshly. "PIGA, Mensahab, Piga mbh."

G.C. came over to walk by me and I said, "What are you sweating for?"

"How far did you hold over him, you son of a bitch?"

"A foot and a half. Two feet. It was bow and arrow shooting."

"We'll pace it when we walk back."

"Nobody would ever believe it."

"We will. That's all that matters."

"Go over and make her realize she hit him."

"She believes the boys. You broke his back."

"I know."

"Did you hear how long it took for the sound of the bullet hitting to come back?"

"I did. Go over and talk to her. Here comes Harry with the car."

The Land-Rover pulled up behind us. Now we were there with the lion and he was Mary's and she knew it now and she saw how wonderful and long and dark and beautiful he was. The camel flies were crawling on him and his yellow eyes were not dull yet. I moved my hand through the heavy black of his mane. Harry had stopped the Land-Rover and come over and shaken Mary's hand. She was kneeling by him.

"He's a beautiful lion," Harry said. "I've never seen one so big or so dark." Then he saw the lorry coming out across the plain from camp. They had heard the shooting and Keiti had come out with everyone except two guards that they had left in camp. They were singing the lion song and when they pulled out of the lorry, Mary had no more doubt about whose lion it was. I have seen many lions killed and many celebrations. But not one like this. I wanted Mary to have all of it. I was sure it was all right with her now and I walked on to the island of trees and thick brush the lion had been making for. He had nearly made it and I thought of what it would have been like if G.C. and I had had to go in there and dig him out. I wanted a look at it before the light was gone. He would have made it there in sixty more yards and it would have been dark when we got up to it. I thought about what could have happened and went back to the celebration and the picture-taking. The headlights of the lorry and the Land-Rover were centered on Mary and the lion, and G.C. was making the photographs. Ngu brought me

\*EH margin note: "improve the shooting. Make lion clearer and sharper."

the flimsy flask from the shellbag in the Land-Rover and I took a small swallow and handed it to Ngai. He took a small drink and shook his head and handed it to me.

"Figs," he said and we both laughed. I took a long drink and felt warm and felt the strain slip off me like a snake shedding his skin. Until that moment I had not realized that we had the lion finally. I knew it technically when the unbelievable lung bow and arrow shot had hit and broken him down and Ngai had hit me across the back. But then there had been Mary's worry and being upset and walking up to him we had been as emotional and as detached as though it were the end of an attack. Now with the drink and celebrating going on and the photography, the hated and necessary photography, too late at night, no flash, no professionals to do it properly to make Miss Mary's lion immortal now on film, seeing her shining happy face in the glare of the headlights and the lion's great head that was too heavy for her to lift, proud of her and loving the lion, me feeling as empty inside as an empty room, seeing Keti's gashed slant of a smile as he bent over Mary to touch the lion's unbelievable black nose, everyone cooing in Kamba like birds and each man individually proud of this our lion, ours and belonging to all of us and Mary's because she had hunted him for months and had hit him, in those barred phrases standing on her own two feet and when the chaps were down, and how happy and shining in the headlights looking like a small, not quite dandy, bright angel and everyone loving her and thus our lion, I began to relax and to have fun.

Charo and Ngai had told Keti how it was and he came over to me and she shook hands and he said, "Mzuri sana, bwana. Shaurimu te."

"It was lucky," I said, which God knows it had to be.

"Not lucky," Keti said. "Mzuri Mzuri Shansu mikubwa sana."

Then I remembered that I had given this afternoon for the lion's death and that it was all over now and that Mary had won and I talked with Ngai and Muthaka and Pop's gunbearer and the others of our religion and we shook our heads and laughed and Ngai wanted me to take another drink from the flimsy flask. They wanted to wait until we would get to camp for beer but they wanted me to drink now with them. They only touched the bottle with their lips. Mary stood up now after the photography and saw us drinking and she asked for the flask and drank from it and passed it to G.C. and to Harry. They passed it back and I drank and then lay down by the lion and talked to him very softly in Spanish and begged his pardon for having killed him and while I lay beside him I felt for the wounds. There were four. Mary had hit him in the foot and in one

haunch. While I stroked his back I found where I had hit him in the spine and the larger hole G.C.'s bullet had made well forward in his flank behind the shoulder. All the time I was stroking him and talking to him in Spanish but many of the flat hard camel flies were shafting from him to me so I drew a fish in front of him with my forefinger in the dirt and then rubbed it out with the palm of my hand.



On the way into camp Ngai and Charo and I did not talk. I heard Mary once ask G.C. if I had not really shot before she did and heard him tell her that she had gotten her lion. That she had hit him first and that these things did not always go off ideally and that when an animal was wounded he had to be killed and that we were damned lucky and she should be happy. But I knew that her happiness came and went because it had not been as she had hoped and dreamed and feared and waited for all these months. I felt terribly about how she felt and I knew it made no difference to anyone else and it made all the difference in the world to her. But if we had to do it over again there was no way we could have done it differently. G.C. had taken her up closer than anyone but a great shot had a right to take her. If the lion had charged when she hit him G.C. would have had time for only one shot before the lion would have been on them. His big gun was as deadly and efficient if the lion came as it was a handicap if he had to shoot it at two and three hundred yards. We both knew that and had not even joked about it. Taking the lion at the range she did Mary had been in great danger and both G.C. and I knew that at the distance he had brought her to she had, recently, a possible error of fourteen inches on live game. This was not the time to talk about that but Ngai and Charo knew it too and I had slept with it for a long time. The lion, by deciding to make his fight in the thuck cover where he was heavy odds on to get someone, had made his choice and had very nicely won. He was not a stupid lion and he was not cowardly. He simply had wanted to make his fight where the odds were in his favor.

We came into camp and sat in chairs by the fire and stretched our legs out and drank tall drinks. Who we needed was Pop and Pop was not here. I had told Keti to break out some beer for the lions

## Miss Mary's Lion

and then I waited for it to come. It came as suddenly as a dry stream bed filling with the high foamed roar of water from a cloudburst. It had only taken time enough for them to decide who was to carry Miss Mary and then the wild, stooped dancing rush of Wakamba poured in from behind the tents all singing the lion song. The big mess boy and the truck driver had the chair and they put it down and Ketti, dancing and clapping his hands, led Miss Mary to it and they hoisted her up and started dancing around the fire with her and then out toward the lines and around the lion, where he had been laid on the ground and then through the lines and around the cook fire and the men's fire and around the cars and the wood track and in and out. The Game Scouts were all stripped to their shorts and so was everyone else except the old men. I watched Mary's bright head and the black strong fine bodies that were carrying her and crouching and stamping in the dance and then moving forward to reach up and touch her. It was a fine wild lion dance and at the end they put Mary down in the chair by her camp chair at the fire and everyone shook hands with her and the celebration was over.



**I**n the night I woke and could not get back to sleep. I woke very suddenly and it was absolutely quiet. Then I heard Mary's regular, smooth breathing and I had a feeling of relief that we would not have to pit her against the lion every morning. Then I began to feel sorrow that the lion's death had not been as she hoped it would be and as she had planned it. With the celebration and the really wild dance and the love of all her friends and their allegiance to her the disappointment that she felt had been anesthetized. But I was sure that after the more than a hundred mornings that she had gone out after a great lion the disappointment would return. She did not know the danger she had been in. Maybe she did and I did not know. Neither G.C. nor I wanted to tell her because we had both cut it too fine and we had not soaked in sweat that way in the cool of the evening for nothing. I remembered how the lion's eyes had looked when he had looked toward me and turned that down and then

looked toward Mary and G.C. and how his eyes had never left them. I lay in the bed and thought how a lion can come one hundred yards from a standing start in just over three seconds. He comes low down to the ground and faster than a greyhound and he does not spring until he is on his prey. Mary's lion would weigh well over four hundred pounds and he was strong enough to have leaped out over a high thorn boma carrying a cow. He had been bunted for many years and he was very intelligent. But we had lulled him into making a mistake. I was happy that before he died he had lain on the high rounded mound with his tail down and his great paws comfortable before him and looked off across his country to the blue forest and the high white snows of the big mountain. Both G.C. and I wanted him to be killed by Mary's first shot or, wounded, charge. But he had played it his own way. The first shot could not have felt more than a sharp, snapping sting to him. The second that passed high through a leg muscle while he was bounding toward the heavy cover where he would make his fight would, at most, have felt like a hard slap. I did not like to think what my long running shot that was thrown at all of him hoping to raze him and bring him down must have felt like when it by chance took him in the spine. It was a two hundred and twenty grain solid bullet and I did not have to think how it would have felt. I had never yet broken my back and I did not know I was glad G.C.'s wonderful distance shot had killed him instantly. He was dead now and we would miss hunting him too. But it was a great relief that he was dead because today I would have been hunting alone with Mary without G.C. and so there would have been nobody to block in the place I had blocked last evening. He was so crafty that something could always have gone wrong with him.

Mary was still breathing regularly and I looked out at the night and the glow of the coals of the fire when the breeze stirred the ashes and I was very glad the responsibility of hunting Mary on lion was over. There was nothing I could do about her disappointment when she woke. But maybe it would wear off. If it didn't she could kill another great lion some other time. But not right now, I thought, please not right now.

I tried to go to sleep but I started to think about the lion and what the moves would have been if he had reached the heavy cover, remembering other people's experiences under the same circumstances and then I thought the hell with all that. That's stuff for G.C. and I to talk over together and to talk with Pop. I wished Mary would wake and say, "I'm so glad I got my lion." But that was too much to expect and it was three o'clock in the morning. I remembered how Scott Fitzgerald had written that in the something something of the soul something some-

<sup>1</sup>EH margin note: "Put in bargaining of the pots & pans & the dance at the Game Scouts' camp afterwards."

thing it is always three o'clock in the morning. Turning my memory back I remembered the quotation. It went like this:

And I thought sitting up awake in the African night that I knew nothing about the soul at all. People were always talking of it and writing of it but who knew about it? I did not know anyone who knew anything of it nor whether there was such a thing. It seemed a very strange belief and I knew I would have a very difficult time trying to explain it to Ngugi and Muthoka and the others even if I knew anything about it. Before I woke I had been dreaming and in the dream I had a horse's body but a man's head and shoulders and I had wondered why no one had known this before. It was a very logical dream and it dealt with the precise moment at which the change came about in the body so that it was a human body. It seemed a very sound and good dream and I wondered what the others would think of it when I told it to them. I was awake now and the cooler was cool and fresh but I could still feel the muscles I had in the dream when my body had been a horse's body. This was not helping me with the soul and I tried to think what it must be in the terms that I believed. Probably a spring of clear fresh water that never diminished in the drought and never froze in the winter was closest to what we had instead of the soul they all talked about. I remembered how when I was a boy the Chicago White Sox had a third baseman named Harry Lord who could foul off pitches down the third-base line until the opposing pitcher was worn out or it would get dark and the game be called. I was very young then and everything was exaggerated but I can remember it beginning to get dark, this was before there were lights in ball parks, and Harry still fouling them off and the crowd shouting, "Lord, Lord save your soul." This was the closest I had ever come to the soul. Once I had thought my own soul had been blown out of me when I was a boy and then that it had come back in again. But in those days I was very egotistical and I had heard so much talk about the soul and read so much about it that I had assumed that I had one. Then I began to think if Miss Mary or G.C. or Ngugi or Charo or I had been killed by the lion would our souls have flown off somewhere? I could not believe it and I thought that we would all just have been dead, deader than the lion perhaps, and no one was worrying about his soul. The worst part would have been the trip to Nairobi

and the inquiry although that would be easier because Harry Steele had been present and he was a policeman. But all I really knew was that it would have been very bad for G.C.'s career if Mary or I had been killed. It would have been bad luck for G.C. if he had been killed. It would have certainly been very bad for my writing if I had been killed. Neither Charo nor Ngugi would have liked to be killed and if she had been killed it would have come as a great surprise to Miss Mary. It was something to be avoided and it was a relief to not have to put yourself in a position where it could happen day after day.

But what did this have to do with "...in a real dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock in the morning, day after day"? Did Miss Mary and G.C. have souls? They had no religious beliefs as far as I knew. But if anybody had a soul they must have them. Charo was a very devout Mohammedan so we must credit him with a soul. That left only Ngugi and me and the lion.

Now here it was three o'clock in the morning and I stretched my recent horse's legs and thought I would get up and go outside and sit by the coals of the fire and enjoy the rest of the night and the first light. I pulled on my mosquito boots and put on my bathrobe and buckled the pistol belt over it and went out to the remains of the fire. G.C. was sitting by it in his chair.

"What are we awake about?" he said very softly.

"I had a dream I was a horse. It was very vivid."

"Did you train well? Or had you been retired to stud?"

"There was something about stud. But I woke up before that."

"I had bloody nightmares."

"What kind?"

"I can't remember them."

"Do you think we're getting to be the nervous irascible type?"

"You maybe. Me never."

"You're the home-loving, faithful husband, rather inarticulate type."

"Am I not?" said G.C. "Whose husband am I faithful to?"

"Miss Mary's."

"That bastard. What was it you dreamed you were? A horse's ass?"

"It will seem funny not to hunt the old bastard anymore."

"It will..."

We sat and watched the fire that was burning brightly now and lighting the tents and the trees. It was half past three or a quarter to four by now or maybe four. I told G.C. about Scott Fitzgerald and the quotation I had remembered and asked him what he thought of it.

"Any hour can be a bad hour when you wake."

<sup>1</sup>The manuscript leaves space for the insertion of the quotation, which E.H. did not fill in here, though it does appear correctly later on. The quotation he had in mind was from *The Crack-Up* and reads: "In a real dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock in the morning, day after day."

## Miss Mary's Lion

he said. "I don't see why he picked three especially. It sounds quite good though."

"I think it is just fear and worry and remorse."

"We've both had enough of those haven't we?"

"Sure; to peddle. But I think what he meant was his conscience and despair."

"You don't ever have despair do you, Ernie?"

"Not yet."

"You'd probably have had it by now if you were going to have it."

"I've seen it close enough to touch it but I always turned it down."



**L**ater, much later, I went into the tent to see if Mary was awake. But she was still sleeping heavily. She had awakened and drunk some of her tea and then gone back to sleep again.

"We'll let her sleep," I said to G.C. "It doesn't make any difference if we don't skin out until half past nine even. She should get all the sleep she can."

G.C. was reading the Lindbergh book but I had no stomach for *The Year of the Lion* this morning and so I read the bird book. It was a good new book called——— and I knew that by hunting one beast too hard and concentrating on him I had missed much in not observing the birds properly.

If there had been no animals we could have been quite happy observing the birds but I knew that I had neglected them terribly. Mary had been much better. She was always seeing birds that I did not notice or watching them in detail while I sat in my camp chair and just looked out across the country. Reading the bird book I felt how stupid I had been and how much time I had wasted.

At home sitting in the shade at the head of the pool it made me happy to see the kingbirds dip down to take insects off the water and to watch the grey white of their breasts show green from the reflection of the pool. I loved to watch the doves nesting in the alamo trees and to watch the mocking-

birds as they sang. Seeing the migratory birds come through in the fall and the spring was an excitement and it made an afternoon happy to see the small bittern come to drink at the pool and watch him search the gutters for tree frogs. Now here in Africa there were beautiful birds around the camp all of the time. They were in the trees and in the thorn bushes and walking about on the ground and I only half saw them as moving bits of color while Mary loved and knew them all. I could not think how I had become so stupid and calloused about the birds and I was very ashamed.

For a long time I realized I had only paid attention to the predators, the scavengers and the birds that were good to eat and the birds that had to do with hunting. Then as I thought of which birds I did notice there came such a great long list of them that I did not feel quite as bad but I resolved to watch the birds around our camp more and to ask Mary about all the ones I did not know and most of all to really see them and not look past them.

This looking and not seeing things was a great sin, I thought, and one that was easy to fall into. It was always the beginning of something bad and I thought that we did not deserve to live in the world if we did not see it. I tried to think how I had gotten into not seeing the small birds around camp and I thought some of it was reading too much to take my mind off the concentration of the serious hunting and some was certainly drinking in camp to relax when we came in from hunting. I admired Mayito who drank almost nothing because he wanted to remember everything in Africa. But G.C. and I were drinkers and I knew it was not just a habit nor a way of escaping. It was a purposeful dulling of a receptivity that was so highly sensitized, as film can be, that if your receptiveness were always kept at the same level it would become unbearable. You make out quite a noble case for yourself, I thought, and you know too that you and G.C. drink because you love it too and Mary loves it the same way and we have such good fun drinking together. You better go in and see if she is awake now, I thought.

So I went in and she was still asleep. She always looked beautiful asleep. Her face, when she slept, was neither happy nor unhappy. It simply existed. But today the line of it was too finely drawn. I wished that I could make her happy but the only thing I knew to do was to let her keep on sleeping.

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## Next Week

The killing of a "conscience-clearing" leopard, an armed showdown with a Masai chief, the testing of the spear as a nighttime weapon, assorted midnight musings and reflections on man's ultimate hunt.

\*The manuscript leaves space for the title of the book it was *Birds of Eastern and North Eastern Africa* by C.W. Mackworth-Praed and C.H. Grant, published by Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.



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Tracy Tripucka is neither a football player nor a Notre Dame student. A decade ago it would have been a good bet that he would have become both. "I remember Saturday mornings when my father would wake the family—and the entire neighborhood—by playing a recording of *The Notre Dame Victory March*," Tracy says. "Of course, that would be only for the big games. He would say, 'We're going to win this one.'"

When Tracy played football as a junior high school student in New Jersey, he was the quarterback. "You are his son," he recalls people saying. "That means you play quarterback." He took his position as a life seriously for a while and once matter-of-factly told a guidance counselor that he intended to become a "professional football player." Then young Tripucka discovered how accurately he could shoot a basketball, and his identity crisis began to dissolve. "I decided I would never be as good a football player as my father," he says, "and the idea didn't bother me. My father never put any pressure on me. I appreciate what that has meant."

This explains how the eldest of the six sons of Frank Tripucka, former Notre Dame (1945-48) and professional (AFL, NFL and Canada) quarterback, has become Tracy Tripucka of Lafayette College, the leading scorer (26 points a game) returning in major college basketball this year and possibly the purest undergraduate shooter in the country. Firing mostly from the 15- to 20-foot range, the 6' 5" Tripucka hit .524 of his shots last season and has a .519 average for two years. Rick Mount's career mark was .484. After four games this year Tripucka is averaging 27.3 points and has a .563 percentage.

He has achieved his remarkable accuracy despite playing his home games in Lafayette's Alumni Gymnasium where, Jack Ramsay of the Philadelphia 76ers claims, light never penetrates. "A photographer could develop his pictures there on the court," Ramsay once said. What Tripucka developed there was his shooting, largely by practicing alone until midnight or so.

That Tripucka showed up at Lafayette at all is a matter of blind luck. In his junior year at New Jersey's Bloomfield

High School, he scored just 78 points, but he must have impressed somebody—certainly it was not himself—and the following fall Tracy Tripucka's name appeared on a pulp magazine list of the 500 top high school seniors.

Coach Hal Wissel, who had never before recruited a player for Lafayette, heard about Tripucka and wrote to him. When he saw the boy's name on the list of 500, Wissel began bird-dogging in earnest. "I didn't realize he was Frank's son," Wissel says. "I was pronouncing the last name incorrectly [it is Trip-u-ka]. If I had, I would have assumed that he was going to Notre Dame, as I guess all the other coaches did."

Wissel's recruiting pitch was direct—Tracy would start as a sophomore. Notre Dame was about to send an outstanding freshman team to the varsity, including another remarkable shooter Tripucka probably would have had to play behind for two years—Austin Carr. Frank Tripucka knows the feeling. He operated for two years as a sub behind Johnny Lujack before leading Notre Dame to a 9-0-1 season. Mark Tripucka, Tracy's next younger brother, knows the feeling too. A sophomore, he is playing behind Phil Pennington, the best quarterback at the University of Massachusetts since Greg Landry.

Tracy may have escaped the substitute's cross, but Wissel gave him another to bear. The coach left Lafayette for Fordham at the end of last season. "My immediate reaction was one of rejection," says Tripucka. "I felt he was letting me down. I was like one of his family. He felt funny, too. Before he made up his mind to go he got awfully nervous. One night I was at his home watching television and a telephone rang in the program. Coach Wissel got up to answer. He thought it was his own phone."

Wissel and Lafayette's new coach, Tom Davis, both have made Tripucka, a forward, concentrate on his ball handling, defense and rebounding to complement his shooting. And Frank Tripucka also helps. "If I have a good game, he makes sure he deflates my ego," Tracy says. "But when I play poorly, he's the first one to lift my spirits." "If it is possible to learn something, Tracy will," Wissel says of his first recruit.

## Fight, fight for Lafayette?

Yes, you bet, and the name is Tripucka, yet. He is Tracy, son of Frank and a star on his own



HOUNDED, TRACY TRIES BASELINE SHOT

continued

"It may take him eight hours to assimilate what another player gets in two, but Tracy is a success because he is always willing to put in those eight hours."

Neither Wissel before, nor Davis now, has directed the Lafayette offense strictly toward Tripucka, but Wissel's philosophy was, "If I could get Tracy to shoot an uncontested shot from behind a screen at 20 feet, I considered it a layup."

Wissel was taking no chances on such layups when Fordham met Lafayette recently. He contested Tripucka all over Madison Square Garden, and for the first 9½ minutes Tracy did not score. He finally got 22 points as Lafayette suffered its only loss in four games, 81-75. "I wanted to beat him because I respect him so much," Tripucka said afterward. "I hope Lafayette wins the rest of its games," said Wissel.

Tripucka wants to play pro basketball. He suspects he will not be a high draft pick, but feels he will not be outclassed. "I think I can help in a team situation, the way Bill Bradley or Dave Wohl of the 76ers does," he says.

With teammates Jay Mottola and George Weaver running the offense and Tripucka supplying the points, Lafayette had its first winning season (17-9) in six years in 1970-71. Tripucka remembers one of the losses. "A teammate who was singing in the shower was reprimanded by Coach Wissel. When the coach left, my friend turned to me and said, 'But it was a sad song.'" For sure, it was not *The Notre Dame Victory March*.

## THE WEEK

**SOUTH** North Carolina's reign was now in Spain. The Tar Heels spent their vacation in Madrid and won three games to capture the International Christmas Tournament title. But the championship game was not that easy, and North Carolina struggled before downing Europe's best amateur team, Real Madrid, 83-77. Said Coach Dean Smith: "They've been together for 10 or 12 years. Their shooting is amazing. They would rank among the Top Ten college teams in America." Before their foreign invasion, the Tar Heels gave their fans as the ACC something to think about. They smashed North Carolina State 99-68, in taking the Big Four Tournament. Den-

nis Wuyck and Robert McAdoo scored 20 apiece and McAdoo held State's Tom Burleson to just eight points.

Barry Parkhill's aim was to prove before Christmas that there is a Virginia. "It will be nice," said Parkhill, "to go home for Christmas and wait for somebody to ask how we are doing. I'll answer, 'Oh, we're 7-0 and nationally ranked.'" The Cavaliers' seventh win, 93-58 over Richmond, came as the final of the Roanoke Classic with Parkhill scoring a third of Virginia's points.

Teams receiving an invitation to the University of Kentucky tournament should beware. The Princeton Tigers, who already had a North Carolina hulk to their credit and surely were no turkeys, were swallowed by Adolph Rupp's Wildcats 90-82. Jim Andrews, Tom Parker and Ronnie Lyons combined for 72 points while Princeton's Brian Taylor scored 39.

Tennessee proved just as nasty to its guests in the Volunteer Classic. First, the Vols frustrated Penn State with a 57-55 opening-round win, then they potted Michigan State in the championship game 85-61. Len Kosmalka, Tennessee's sophomore center, scored 36 points in the two games and was named the MVP as the Vols took their sixth straight tournament title.

South Carolina's Gamecocks remained unbeaten through five starts, four of them away, by winning at Pitt 69-59. Kevin Joyce had 34 points and Tom Riker added 18.

1. N. CAROLINA (8-1) 2. S. CAROLINA (5-0)

**EAST** After seven minutes St. Bonaventure seemed to be in for a tough night against Boston College and Coach Larry Wense went to his bench. In came Jimmy Wallace for Tom Baldwin and Wallace hit a 20-footer to put the Bonnies ahead. He finished with eight of 14 for 16 points in an 86-66 win, causing teammate Matt Gantt to say, "That cat came off the bench and did what we always thought he could do. He gave us a big lift." Another cat who helped was sophomore Center Glenn Price, who contributed 31 points.

In Philly, where basketball is thicker than brotherly love, Temple put it to nationally ranked Penn 57-52. Coach Harry Litwak sprang a box-and-one on the Quakers, assigning Mike Jones the responsibility of shadowing Bobby Meese. Meese scored just five points, but he was not much worse than his fellow players, who hit only 33% of their shots. The loss was the first in 49 regular-season games for the Quakers. "I'm sure the box-and-one was a factor," said Penn's Chuck Daly. "But I question whether we will ever have as bad a shooting night again." Certainly not against Western Kentucky, pinned down by the Quakers 88-79. In its next game Temple opened up on Stanford, winning 76-64 as sophomore Guard

John Kneib scored 15 points. Kneib's name is spelled K-n-i-e-b on his warmup jacket, but he doesn't mind. "I saw it before our first game, but I won't change it. I wear it for good luck."

Roy's Runts—the Syracuse team of Coach Roy Danforth—literally lost after six wins. American University did it, 78-74.

In a battle of unbeaten teams, and the sixth game for both, Marshall was a 110-107 winner over St. John's. Two free throws by Bill James in the last 39 seconds of overtime gave the Thundering Herd their own Memorial Tournament title. Randy Noll scored 33 points, two more than St. John's Mel Davis.

1. ST. BONAVENTURE (8-1) 2. PENN (5-1)

**MIDWEST** "How is that for 33.9 defense?" Marquette Coach Al McGuire said afterward. McGuire was referring to 33.9, a book written by Minnesota's Bill Musselman when he was coaching Ashland College and went through the season with that defensive average. The final score, after Marquette had built a 25-14 halftime lead over Minnesota, was 55-40 in favor of McGuire's Warriors. The only trouble high scorer Bob Lackey had came before the game when he went to shake hands with Musselman. The Minnesota players formed a huddle around their coach and would not let Lackey through. Lackey and Jim Chones returned the favor on the court by hitting shots into the seats. "You can't get 10 behind this team and expect to come back," said Musselman. "They'll hold it and be patient." Said McGuire, "I'm glad we played them so early. They are going to get better with Musselman's system. Not many people will beat them in the Big Ten." Two nights later Minnesota took its frustrations out on Drake 70-56.

Coach Fred Taylor continues to tinker with his offense at Ohio State, and the return of Guard Albin Horryak, recovering slowly from a heel bruise, gives Taylor something pleasant to think about. Horryak played half a game each in wins over Brown and Wisconsin at Milwaukee. Indiana continued its preparation for the Big Ten season by destroying Notre Dame 94-29—yes, 29—and defeating Butler 85-74. Henry Wilmore injured a knee in an 87-81 win over Ohio University, and Michigan lost its own Invitational Tournament to Toledo 88-72.

Southern California journeyed to Kansas and defeated the host 87-77, to win the Jayhawk Classic. "What upset me," Kansas Coach Ted Owens said, "was the way they beat us down the court on the fast break. That is just a matter of effort and we were not making it." The Jayhawks had defeated previously unbeaten Brigham Young 83-67 to reach the final.

1. MARQUETTE (6-0) 2. OHIO STATE (6-1)

**WEST** Others have used the play but few have managed to shock their own teams the way Coach Hugh Durham of Florida State did against Hawaii. The Seminoles were behind 26-10 when Durham decided to try the old sit-the-gang-up trick by drawing a technical foul. The trouble was, Durham drew the roof down. He charged after Referee Dave Marikona and expressed his hopes and fears in a few hundred expletives, some of them unprintable. He got not one but two technicals and then, after the Rainbows' John Pennebaker sank four free throws, he got the ultimatum: leave the court in two minutes. Durham did not leave and the game was called on the spot. Hawaii 30, FSU 10. "I went out there to get a technical," Durham said. He succeeded. A few nights later the Seminoles and Rainbows went at it again, this time for the full 40 minutes. Unbeaten Hawaii also won this one, 81-76, for its sixth victory.

John Wooden likes each of his UCLA teams to have its own identity. Still it was hard to ignore the fact that the only loss last season's club had was to Notre Dame. The well-remanded Bruins built a 53-16 lead at halftime and eased up in the second just enough to win 114-56. It was the second slaughter of the Irish innocents in a week. Said Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps, "I think Wooden could split his team, send one East, and they'd still end up playing each other in the NCAA finals." For UCLA Henry Bibby scored 28 points and Bill Walton added 20. The next night Walton had 31 points and 16 rebounds, Bibby 25 points, and TCU was the new victim, 119-81.

St. John's, one of the better Eastern teams, flew into Albuquerque and right out again with the Lobo Invitational trophy when Forward Mel Davis scored 29 points in the championship game, won by the Redmen over New Mexico, 95-92.

"It would be nice," said Loyola (I.L.A.) Coach Dick Baker, "to have a team that played as poorly as Long Beach did tonight and still win." Recovering slowly but satisfactorily from its loss at Southwestern Louisiana, Long Beach made Loyola the first of four new victims, 73-67.

Tall Oregon State, with Guard Freddie Boyd and newcomer Steve Enriksen leading the way, defeated Weber State 82-75 for its sixth win. "Playing them is like going through the redwoods," said Weber State Coach Gene Vrocher.

Kreathur Coxon was fouled but still put in a rebound of a teammate's missed shot at the buzzer to give Brigham Young an 87-84 victory over Utah State. Surprising Utah won its third straight Utah Classic by defeating Yale and Washington State.

6. UCLA (46-0) 7. LONG BEACH STATE (7-9)



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## Waking 'em up with a sleeper

All week long the sun beat down on the tiny village of Sestriere, and the racers spent most of the time sitting on the windowsills of the Cristallo Hotel getting tanned and getting holed. It was Kandahar race week on the world tour, and the snow that is guaranteed to cover the Italian Alps every December had this time failed to live up to the warranty. The mountain racecourses were crusty on top and soft underneath, too dangerous for a men's downhill, and with that event canceled about the only thing to do was to wait for closing day and the men's slalom. That would be the day when the proud Italians would see their own ace, Gustav Thöni, whip the skiing world. And if not Thöni, well then surely the dashing and aggressive Frenchman, Jean-Noël Augert.

Fusa Thöni? Alors Augert? Not exactly. When it was all over, the winner of the World Cup slalom—and a new threat in that event for the 1972 Winter Olympics—was a lean, freckled 21-year-old madcap from North Conway, N.H. named Tyler Palmer. He did it, as they say in skiing, the hard way.

A few weeks ago the U.S. Ski Association had hesitated to send Palmer off on the European circuit. Despite his obvious potential—he was third in World Cup slalom last year—Palmer has been considered something of an eccentric, and when the committee finally decided to deliver his plane ticket the season's first two race meets were already over. As if that were not bad enough, on Kandahar race day the hotel concierge failed to awaken Palmer at 6:30 a.m. and, while the team

was assembling, he blissfully slept on. An hour late, he dashed for the slope without breakfast and then—at the top of the course—discovered his skis weren't there. The coaches were not exactly amused. Finally equipped and huddled in, Palmer was third starter.

It is a good thing that Palmer likes thrills ("The icier it is, the better he loves it," says one coach) because the racecourse was purest glaze. But, true to his promise, he sliced at it in his distinctive style, the sort of form that the experts call clean. His time, 57.97 seconds, was roundly applauded, but the partisan Italians were not unduly alarmed. However, after both Gustav and cousin Rolando Thöni had done badly, and after jet-turn specialist Patrick Russel of France had fallen on the ice, came the totaling-up: Palmer had the fastest time.

On the next run Augert, who had the second-fastest time, was the early starter. He hacked out a trail of knocked-over poles, which is perfectly legal, while posting an impressive 56.90 seconds. Take that, you Americans.

Then Palmer leaped away, and about 15 gates from the finish got into the sort of impossible body position that the French claim they strive for. There he was, almost flat on his back at full speed, about to miss a gate. Suddenly, he pulled himself upright with a mighty bounce, made the gate and finished zooming. His time was a tidy 57.33 seconds, not quite as fast as Augert but, counting both runs, more than .5 of a second faster for both runs. The result was that ratty in world skiing an American man beating the best.

**The Europeans were favored, as usual. Then along came America's Tyler Palmer, an hour late and ahead of them all**

After the race U.S. Men's Coach Hanspeter Rohr said, "Palmer's win was no fluke and it was no surprise to me. Last year he was fourth in FIS slalom rankings. He is a smooth skier who gets very aggressive. He is not very easy to handle in training, he is not easy to lead. He does what I tell him, but when he doesn't like it he shows it, and then I have to go and talk to him."

Now that he is an international slalom contender, Palmer may well be easier to train. After his victory he abandoned plans for a relaxing Christmas vacation at Augert's home in France (Augert was pretty grouchy about the race anyway) in favor of more training.

"Two years ago they called me the flake," Palmer said, "but they don't call me that anymore. When I was losing races they were saying, 'This guy is crazy,' which wasn't true at all. I just had to learn what was right and wrong."

Palmer had to talk fast to convince U.S. Alpine Director Willy Schaeffler that he was mature enough to go after an Olympic medal. Palmer was in shape, Schaeffler agreed, but what of his non-ski activities? Like motorcycle racing? "Nothing to worry about," Palmer told Schaeffler. "On the Fourth of July I was in a heat with about 40 entries and I wasn't used to racing in such a big crowd. I was trying to pass this one guy, but he hit me and I hit the front brake real hard. I flipped. The bike fell on top of me and this guy rode right over my arm. So I just packed up and quit. No more motorcycle races for me."

Couch Schaeffler beamed. What he wants is a ski racer. **END**



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## They had to let the dog go, but they kept the bite

A mascot is fine, but a good big man is finer—and now the Kentucky Colonels and Artis Gilmore are snapping their way through the ABA

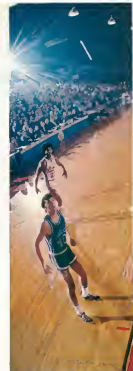
One of them is a front-office type, a financial whizbang. Another one is a veteran coach, fired not so long ago by the Los Angeles Lakers. The third one is a newcomer, both a basketball star and a practicing giant. The circumstances that brought them together early this season were tinged with irony, but by last week it was becoming clear that all three were, as they say in the movies, made for each other. Jointly, they are fast building a bright new image for the American Basketball Association in general and the Kentucky Colonels in particular.

The chief irony lies in the fact that all three were spurned at one time or another by the NBA. Mike Storen is the deskbound wizard, the president and general manager of the club. Unable to rise above the level of letter-opener for several NBA teams, he went out and manufactured his own credentials. It was Storen who made the decision to meet the price for the 7' 2" Artis Gilmore when the NBA would not, and it was Storen who hired Coach Joe Mullaney shortly after the Lakers cut him loose. At the start of the season Storen and Gilmore and Mullaney merely took each other for better or worse; now the relationship has broadened to richer instead of poorer. Second only to Utah in the ABA race last year (it was Storen's first year at Kentucky after three seasons with the Indiana franchise), the Colonels currently are dominating the Eastern Division. Gilmore and co-star Dan Issel have devastated most of the opposition, so much so that Mullaney, with a sideward glance at the record-setting Lakers, says that his new club would be undefeated if a few breaks had gone its way. As it is, with victories over Pittsburgh, New York and Virginia last week, the team has won 22 of its last 26 games.

Among the firstborn when the ABA was assembled as an expansion league in 1967, the Colonels were eager contributors to early folklore. They had a dog for a mascot and a few dogs on the floor as well, including one frustrated gentleman who made only 25% of his free throws and—eager to offer some kind of contribution—spent much of the season learning to tape teammates' ankles. Louie Dampier, one survivor of that band of original Colonels, remembers journeying to Teaneck, N.J. for a playoff game only to find a converted skating rink was the arena. The playing floor, pock-marked with holes a foot wide in spots, posed a certain danger—but the jagged metal sticking out from the backboard supports impressed the players even more.

In the early moments of the ABA, Storen was one of the few executives schooled in the complexities of basketball, having served terms at promotion in such difficult NBA cities as Chicago, Baltimore and Cincinnati. He listened amusedly at one early organizational meeting as an owner announced that he was rigidly against the concept of doubleheaders, since no basketball player should be expected to play two consecutive games as in baseball. It was the *Careb-22* league and Storen was its crafty entrepreneur, accumulating riches in spite of the madness. While the others bombed their own franchises, Storen serenely went about his duties. And whenever a gaggle of owners would despair and threaten to jump from the leaky ship, they found, in effect, that Storen had sold the lifeboats.

Under Storen's militantly oriented methods the Indiana Pacers led the ABA in attendance three consecutive years, then won the championship in 1970. Attendance in Louisville, meanwhile,



dropped in the third season, and the millionaire couple that owned the Colonels, Joe and Mamie Gregory, decided to sell. The buyers were five Louisville businessmen who made their money in everything from nursing homes to fried chicken, and after they bought the Colonels they set out to buy Storen. To get him from Indiana they produced a base salary of \$50,000 or so, threw in a share of the ownership and added some attractive incentive clauses. "If I owned the team, I would never give out the contract that I have," says Storen.

Mike Storen attacked the Kentucky problems on several fronts. He banished Ziggy, the Gregorys' pet dog and team mascot. Neither Mamie nor Ziggy have spoken to or barked at Storen since. The rest of the kennel also was cleaned out. Storen replaced the team doctor, a pediatrician, with an orthopedic man,





STARTING AT 7' 2", GILMORE GOES FAR HIGHER INTO THE AIR TO BLOCK SHOTS

shipped off eight of the 11 veterans and signed lucrative television and radio contracts. (Legal documents are nothing new to him. Storen owns the company that holds the license from the ABA to manufacture its official red, white and blue basketball. So far, two million of them are bouncing across America. The league and Storen share the royalties.)

The Colonels coach was Gene Rhodes. He had been a fine high school player in Louisville and also had coached prep ball there for many years. When Storen fired him, the fans rose up in wrath, especially since their hometown favorite had just pushed the Colonels to victories in eight of their last nine games.

But that storm is over. Now the Colonels have Gilmore and there is championship talk. Storen won't say how much it took to sign Artis, the dominating big man in college ball in his ju-

nior and senior years at Jacksonville University, but figures up to \$2.7 million have been reported. The contract resides in a Louisville safe-deposit box and Storen and Gilmore have the only keys.

Whatever the contract says, Gilmore is probably worth every clause of it. He has blocked an average of six shots a game in his rookie year and leads the league in rebounding—all this despite a few obvious liabilities. He is not overly strong and his hands, small for his size, sometimes fail him. On occasion he approaches the game in a puzzled manner, not unlike Kung Kong examining Fay Wray in the palm of his hand. Still, in its current stage of maturation, the ABA affords him time to develop. "He's going to be awesome," says Tom Nisenske, who was an assistant coach with the Milwaukee Bucks before taking the head-coaching job with Dallas of the

ABA. "I think next to Kareem Jabbar, I might take Gilmore as the most valuable property in the game. They've got the Intimidator."

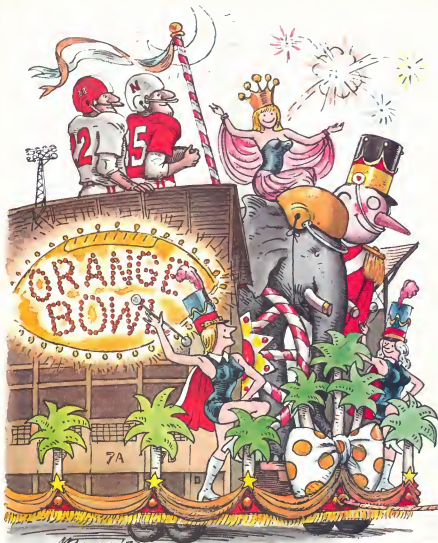
After the first third of the season Gilmore had scored 34 points on three different nights, grabbed 30 rebounds in a single game and blocked as many as nine shots in an evening's work. Moreover, he has the ability to make the big play and is most dangerous in the fourth quarter when there is little hope of recovery from his flashes of brilliance. And there are signs that Gilmore is losing his rough edges. Coach Mullaney is delighted with Gilmore's shattering dunks, line-drive jump shots, soft hook shots and improving free-throw shooting, the last being part of the reason that Virginia Coach Al Bianchi chides the ABA's prize has more weapons than Wilt Chamberlain. "Gilmore is a very easygoing young man," says Mullaney. "He has a lot of confidence in himself, but not the boastful kind, and he'll do whatever you want him to do."

Mullaney, a former FBI agent who held the third best winning percentage of college coaches after 14 seasons at Providence, was fired by the Lakers when Los Angeles failed to win the NBA title in two years. There also was talk of discontent between the coach and Wilt Chamberlain. One night, muffed because Mullaney was not going to start him because he had missed practice the previous day, Chamberlain announced he was not coming out of the dressing room. He was coaxed out only after a talk with General Manager Fred Schaus.

But the Colonels have full confidence in Mullaney. "He's never at a loss for what to do," says Dan Issel, speaking after Mullaney made up a play in the huddle that produced the winning points in Kentucky's 113-111 victory over Pittsburgh.

The next evening Cincy Powell, the workmanlike forward opposite Issel, made some key plays, including a bust-out down the floor that culminated in an Issel dunk shot, and Gilmore came up with a loose ball and scored on a deft hook as the Colonels came from behind to edge New York by four points. That victory assured Mullaney that he would be the East coach in the ABA's All-Star game on Jan. 29 in Louisville. Ziggy won't be there, but the Colonels expect about 18,000 other supporters to show up, mascot or not.

END



# The House that Earnie Built

by John Underwood

*When Earnie Seiler stages an Orange Bowl, you get elephants, fireworks and, this New Year's Day, Nebraska-Alabama*

**E**arnie Seiler didn't really

want to be the Orange Bowl; he just wanted to start it. For Miami's sake. Earnie Seiler loves Miami. At the first game he stood in the middle of 36th Street—whip-lean body gyrating under a flop-brim white Panama hat, melon-colored face grappling with a huge cigar—and flagged down passing cars, trying to get people to come in to fill the bleachers he had poached for the occasion. Miami was not the metropolis it is now. Everyone knew Earnie Seiler. "Get the hell out of the road, Seiler," they yelled at him and blew their horns.

It was a precarious birth, requiring round-the-clock care and some financial plasma from local bookmakers. In infancy the Orange Bowl suffered long periods of acute indifference (one Miami sports editor chose the afternoon of an early game to cover a swim meet) before good health was achieved and Earnie Seiler could afford to really open up, which is his disposition.

This is the Bowl that Earnie Built, no doubt about that. And most of it he did singlehanded. Take 1939. Seiler coerced unbeaten Oklahoma into the Orange Bowl game with half the money offered by the Sugar and Cotton bowls by stealing through the campus at Norman in the middle of the night writing ON TO MIAMI! in chalk on the sidewalks and then educating the Sooners with a morning lecture that featured huge posters of girls reclining on the sugary sands of Miami Beach in the barest excuses for bathing suits the '30s would allow. "I'm a great believer in visual aids," said Seiler.

As the games got better, Seiler's parades got longer and more glamorous; and the parties (pregame, postgame and so forth) extravagant and more clamorous. His beloved halftime shows came to be drenched in orange-blossom perfume, gallons of it drizzling down from the bowl's rim. Queens and princesses rode in chariots behind white stations, and, their faces pale with fright, perched high on the rolling backs of elephants painted purple and pink. Squadrons of bogus flamingos flew across the width of the stadium, strung on a tautly pulled quarter-inch cable. "If that cable snaps," said the engineer, "you'll

*continued*



wipe out 500 fans." "Yeah, but it won't," said Seiler, blowing smoke from his cigar. And it didn't.

Doves of peace (white fainted pigeons) fluttered up from the base of a huge replica of Uncle Sam and settled pell-mell into the ever-larger Orange Bowl crowd, and then roosted for weeks in the stadium's steel webbing. The ASPCA issued a formal protest. Seiler shrugged. Seiler was a tough act for Seiler to follow; some risks were unavoidable.

From the earliest days Seiler was not willing that his game be a repository for second-rate teams. He claimed he would march through fire to sign the best. In Philadelphia Stadium, leading a delegation of Orange Bowl Committee members to beat rival bowls to a talented Navy team, he bolted through the women's powder room. Witnesses say he never broke stride but that the smoke from his cigar left a prodigious trail that day.

The Orange Bowl became the place to spend a New Year's afternoon. President Kennedy came, and sat in Seiler's big leather chair, which the Secret Service hauled from his office and put in the presidential box on the 50-yard line. Seiler offered to have special lunches sent in from Wolfie's. Kennedy elected to fly in his personal chef, who set up a sandwich kitchen in a tent beneath the south stands. When the game was over, Seiler went around to the chef and asked if he could have "one of those \$2,000 sandwiches." He said it tasted the same.

Eventually, inevitably, teams like Nebraska and Alabama were flown in to play for the national championships. At night, now. Another Seiler first. Live, before 80,000 people. In color, on national television, before \$0 million more. The network slumped money on the Orange Bowl. The Orange Bowl guarantee grew to be the fattest east of Pasadena, a whopping \$900,000. Coaches like Bob Devaney and Bear Bryant could hardly wait to spend New Year's in Miami.

And so it was that Earnie Seiler came to be known as the Mad Genius. He did not object, not to the noun, not even to the adjective. Actually, he thought it had a nice ring to it. Jimmy Burns, *The Miami Herald* columnist, started it. "Seiler is mad," said Burns. They were fishing buddies, at least until the day Seiler was driving Burns home from a snook expedition on the Ta-

miami Trail, driving at his customary breakneck speed when one of the tires came off and rolled up alongside the speeding car. "Isn't that one of your tires, Seiler?" said Burns, looking out the window. "Yeah, I guess so," huffed Seiler, his teeth clinging to his cigar as he wrestled with the wheel. The tire kept them company for a while, then took a tremendous bounce into the Everglades and was never seen again. And on subsequent Seiler fishing trips, neither was Burns.

The festival, as Seiler calls his show, has spread like lava to cover such widely assorted goings-on as fashion shows and horse shows, regattas and grand balls, tennis, fishing and soccer tournaments and massive fireworks displays. For Seiler it is a magnificent juggling act. He drops only what fails to show lasting quality. He keeps his hand in everything. Sometimes it is the back of his hand.

Although Seiler is 71, nothing about his operation escapes his piercing blue eyes: no flaw is spared his spectacular wrath. He punted an NBC television cameraman squarely in the low-angle stance last year when the camera blocked an oncoming parade float. "Dammit, you're blowing your own show!" Seiler yelled. On a day when the LSU team came to practice at the bowl, Seiler was summoned down to the field to find a city of Miami work crew roping off the area, getting ready to paint a decorative orange at midfield. The foreman said it was the only opportunity they had without going overtime. Seiler was furious. "Get off the field," he stormed. "Eighty thousand people aren't buying tickets to see that orange, they're buying tickets to see this football team."

Seiler goes to work regularly with city officials over what he considers their shortsightedness and bureaucratic meddling (they don't always give him the funds he needs). Seiler is executive vice-president of the Orange Bowl Committee, but the city owns the bowl itself, and Earnie says he gets reminded of that fact in 100 petty ways. "It was easier in the old days when we didn't have anything, just a few slush funds here and there a man could get into." He deplores that "anytime you want something done it's 'five o'clock' or it's 'so-and-so's day off.' Ninety-nine percent of my problems are lazy people."

As the game itself has grown, Seiler has become more and more protective of its quality. This year at least he seems satisfied, with No. 1 Nebraska and No. 2 Alabama. But not every Orange Bowl game has been played for the national championship, or even a reasonable facsimile. There was one, in 1953, that was played as a bad example for hating the handicapped. The score was 61-6, Alabama over Syracuse, and as it mounted Seiler grew more and more distraught. At last he could take no more. Midway through the fourth quarter he ran onto the field impeding Red Drew, the Alabama coach, to let Syracuse die in peace. "Do something, Red! Run out the clock! Fall on the ball!"

"I can't stop 'em, Earnie," shouted Drew above the noise. The noise was coming from the Alabama bench. The crowd was dead silent. "They're fighting the Civil War out there. They want to murder those damn Yankees!"

Seiler then tried to get the timekeeper to look the other way, and because most of the witnesses had gone into a stupor long before, no one was sure to this day that he did not succeed. Seiler just smiles and blows smoke when you ask him.

Even as he did when it was a rum, Seiler personally marshals the gigantic Kang Orange Parade on New Year's Eve. He is the first to arrive, the last to leave; he dashes around screaming for precision, waving his arms for order, as you would naturally expect a Mad Genius to do. As a result, his parades are always punctual, and invariably beautiful. He will not allow it to ruin on his parades. He argues with the weatherman about unfavorable forecasts. He audits the parade like a mechanic, listening for pings, watching for breakdowns. When one float could not make it over the curb into the parade line, Seiler jammed two-by-fours underneath the wheels to form a makeshift bridge. "Can't anybody do anything?" he grumbled. One particularly lovely transport, loaded with lighting effects, blacked out at the head of the route on a night Seiler had promised television officials they were "really going to see something." Seiler's immediate reaction was to rail at the float and curse its makers. And then, being a man of action, he dove into the bowels of the contraption to seek out the offending mechanism.

Once inside, he discovered a faulty fuse

box. The lights went on. The float jerked forward. Seiler let go. The lights went out. Seiler stayed inside, hidden beneath the tucks and folds of papier-mâché, struggling with the fuses. He bade the driver continue. The float moved forward, Seiler vaguely aware of its progress. When at last he had the lighting system secured, he called to the driver through the frills: "I'm going to drop to the pavement now. Just pass on over me. I'll be all right." Seiler dropped to the pavement. The float passed. And there he lay, spread-eagle in the middle of Biscayne Boulevard, directly in front of the reviewing stand.

Earnie Seiler was not always a Mad Genius, of course. Before that he was a half-mad architect who was done in by his own imagination. He had arrived in Miami in the '20s, "when it was a pretty little place with clean boys," itching to build flying buttresses and free-form terraces with hidden arbors. He did not want to build Corinthian columns. But it was a conservative time. The women of Coral Gables looked down their noses at him and said, "Is that all the closet space we get?" Seiler strained at the bonds of architecture and gave it up as "too confining."

He turned his talents to coaching football. For a while he was doing fine because he could let his imagination run a little in football. From his college days at Oklahoma State (nee Oklahoma A&M), where he was a 160-pound single-wing quarterback, it was evident he had the makings. It is recalled there that little Earnie Seiler once broke into the clear on a long run, and with nobody within 20 yards of him dodged and dipped and stiff-armed imaginary opponents all the way to the goal.

Coaching at Miami High School in the fall of 1925, Seiler laid out a field for home games on a plot of land donated by the Florida East Coast Railroad. There were large coconut palms on the property. Seiler was told not to mess with them. He carefully laid out the field on a bias, but one tree still intruded, at the 20-yard line, 15 yards in from the sidelines. He asked the railroad once more if he could remove the tree. No dice.

So for the big game that year with Palm Beach High, he devised a play unique in the history of organized foot-



ball. On the kickoff the ball would, and did, go to his star runner, Warner Mirell. Trailing blockers, Mirell headed for the palm tree, behind which lurked an inconspicuous but very fast little half-back named Ray Carter. Mirell lateraled the ball to Carter and, in the same motion, flipped off his helmet. "Ball!" yelled the Miami High players, and dove on the helmet, creating a diversionary pile-up of breathtaking proportions.

"I had told Carter to count five, then come out the other way and run like hell," says Seiler. "I counted myself: 'one, two, three, four . . . five.' No Carter. For a second I was afraid he wasn't coming out. 'Gawdamighty, he can't count!' Finally he did, and nobody saw him except one official who followed him down the field the entire 80 yards.

"Boy, what a rhubarb. The Palm Beach coach came screaming across the field, followed closely by a couple hun-

dred Palm Beach fans. 'I protest, I protest,' he yelled. His face was red as a beet. 'It's against the rules,' he yelled. I was very calm. I said, 'Show me in the book where it says you can't have a palm tree on the football field.'"

Victories thus won were not enough to hold Seiler's interest in coaching, however. He found that teen-agers did not always share his vision. To get his thoughts across during a game, Seiler lined up three buckets next to his station at midfield. Visual aids for the quarterback. If he tipped the No. 1 bucket, it was the signal to run. No. 2 bucket was pass. No. 3 was punt. Once when his team had advanced to a point inside an opponent's 20-yard line and a touchdown beckoned, Seiler accidentally kicked over the third bucket. The quarterback dutifully punted the ball out of the end zone and into the second-floor window of the building across the street.

continued

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FTC Report Aug. 75.

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"We had to stop the game and send a man to Burdine's to buy another ball," says Seiler, sighing hopelessly. Seiler quit coaching after that and went to work for the Miami recreation department. Yet his genius hungered for expression.

"I was always a dreamer," Seiler said one afternoon recently, semi-relaxed in the big leather chair in his suite of offices at the Orange Bowl. On the walls, framed montages of past Orange Bowls assailed the eyes with color: on the floor, an orange shag rug; on the huge desk, clutter with papers, books and a spectacular assortment of Magic Markers, an orange phone connected to an orange intercom. "I pictured myself doing things. I'd daydream. Like now. I see things others create, and I enlarge them in my mind. I look and imagine it eight sizes bigger, for a football field. A couple of months ago I was watching my grandson pushing one of those squiggly-wiggly toys—a foot went out like this, then an arm, then another foot. A hundred different movements, and I sat there fascinated. I imagined it 100 times bigger. The next day I took it down to the float makers. We're going to have that kind of animation this year. It'll be the greatest thing you ever saw."

"In college," he continued, "I was a terrible student because I was always dreaming. History I could handle because I could use my imagination—take a few facts, make up a fabulous story. Physics was another matter. My physics professor wrote the book. He'd say, 'You'll find that answer on page 33.' He told me I was the dumbest student he ever had."

"But I was playing football and playing basketball and having a time. And then I got interested in the band. I envied guys who could make music. The band was about to make this big trip, and I wanted to go. I went to the bandmaster and said, 'I hear you need a cymbal player. I'm one.' I never played a cymbal in my life. But the drummer was my friend, and he said he'd nudge me when it was time to bang one out."

"So we're practicing and the director is yelling at me to look at him, but I'm looking at the drummer for the sign, and he'd give it to me, and how, I'd let one go. The director would look, and I'd look, and how. I fooled him until the final rehearsal, just a couple days before the trip. He got mad as hell. 'Can't

you read music?' 'Yes sir.' I couldn't read a note. He marked the notes with a pencil. I couldn't read the pencil marks, either. I didn't make the trip."

As Miami's recreation director, Seiler found new areas in which he could express himself. The University of Miami had come into being, and then was knocked flat by the 1926 hurricane. Ways were being sought to raise athletic funds and promote the school. Seiler staged a Pan-American Festival. Hewent to Cuba and "invited everybody on the island to come up, and then worried myself sick that they'd come." He put together his first parade: 21 floats representing the 21 countries. "Built them myself because nobody had any money. Little old things with wooden wheels, and it rained and the wheels got wet and swelled up and we couldn't walk 'em down Flagler Street, we had to drag 'em."

Seiler spread his wings. Anything to promote Miami captured his interest, all the better if he could tie it to sports. A football game was suggested. "At the time, only the Rose Bowl was in existence. I thought if they could have a bowl in California, we could have one in Florida. Football in the tropics. What a great idea. I said that someday we'd be as big as the Rose Bowl, but nobody believed that part."

The first game, in 1933, was called the Palm Festival. Seiler ordered 3,100 bleacher seats for Moore Park on 36th Street, four miles north of the present Orange Bowl site. "We didn't have a dime to work with. They sent me the papers for the bleachers, and I signed 'em like it was nothing—'Earnie Seiler, recreation department.' I didn't have any authority. But I knew we'd work it out."

"Miami was the host team—the poorest team you ever saw. I mean poor. They had 14 pairs of shoes for 32 players. They had to swap around. We offered Manhattan College \$3,000 to come down to play, with \$1,500 in advance. We couldn't give Miami anything. To save expenses, Manhattan came by boat. It took three days, and half the players got seasick. Chuck Meehan was their coach. He said if they didn't get the other \$1,500 immediately they were going home. By train. He was smart. We hadn't sold enough tickets to meet the guarantee."

"So I made the sheriff my finance chairman, and he went around to some

of the prominent bookies in town, like Acey Deacey. At 10 o'clock the day of the game our finance chairman came up with the guarantee. Well, you could do things in those days. I made promises I'd never make today. The red tape and the politicians slow you down, and the newspapers can tear you apart."

Seiler stood out on 36th Street and waved people in free to help fill the bleachers and make the pictures look good. He announced the crowd was 8,000, but it was less than half that. "We had a lot in those days." His first halftime show consisted mainly of a drum-and-bugle corps marching around, and, as an unscheduled spectacular, the queen almost suffocating inside a cellophane football stapled to a float. "She was in there 25 minutes before we brought her on. She was drenched. Her hair was down over her face. The scariest-looking queen you ever saw."

Manhattan was the heavy favorite, a far superior team. Seiler prepared a post-game celebration at the Biltmore Hotel, complete with banners proclaiming Manhattan's triumph and a huge cake saying CONGRATULATIONS MANHATTAN. Miami won 7-0. When the game ended, Seiler made a mad dash to a phone and called the Biltmore. "Change everything to read MIAMI," he shouted.

But if you expected that humbling beginning to slow up Earnie Seiler, you don't know a mad genius when you read of one. In the months and years that followed, Seiler was everywhere, coming more bleacher seats, at \$1 a plank, from the American Legion; moving them to the present Orange Bowl site off 7th Street, appropriating prisoners from the stockade to help build props and floats. "They loved the fresh air," said Seiler. And in 1935 the game officially became known as The Orange Bowl.

The bowl committee, composed of prominent citizens, came into being, and soon they dispatched Seiler to Washington to beg funds from the Public Works Administration for a permanent stadium. Other such requests had fallen on deaf ears.

"Well, you have to have luck," says Seiler. "The man in charge of getting money out of pigeonholes and into circulation was a Mr. Charley Gaines, the son of an Oklahoma oilman. But more important, an old fraternity brother of mine. I got him on the phone. 'Char-

*continued*

ley, you old rascal, this is Earnie." "Earnie! What the hell are you doing in Washington?" I told him I was just passing through, but we should celebrate his terrific job. Charley was glad to get away. Every Tom, Dick and Harry in America was after him for money.

"We met at the Mayflower Hotel. We drank to the old days. Then I said, 'Charley, I'm the biggest liar you ever saw. I'm in trouble. Charley. We want to build a football stadium in Miami. All we need is \$160,000, a drop in the bucket. You can help us.' The next day we were in his office talking it over with the engineer in charge. This guy wanted to know how I knew it wouldn't be a 20,000-seat white elephant. I'd heard that from Miamians already. So I got a man from Florida Power & Light to call the postmaster general, Jim Farley, and give him a favorable report.

"Farley warmed to the idea. 'Who you going to get for the game?' he said. Farley was a big Catholic University fan. I never even heard of Catholic U. until then. I said, 'How about Catholic U.?' His face lit up. It was Catholic U. vs. Ole Miss that New Year's, and Farley must have been happy because Catholic U. won, and two years later we had our new stadium, 22,000 seats. They're still part of the Orange Bowl today."

But Seiler was not content to be stuck with Catholic U. forever. The "big breakthrough," as he calls it, was the 1939 game—unbeaten Oklahoma vs.

Bob Neyland's unbeaten Tennessee team. It was freezing in Norman when Seiler arrived with his persuasion kit, which included a \$20,000 guarantee and a picture portfolio of Miami. The Sugar and Cotton bowls were already in town, guaranteeing \$50,000. "Look, I'll make it \$25,000," Seiler told university officials. "Just let me talk to the boys after the game Saturday. Give all the bowl representatives equal time." That night he went around to the Kappa Alpha house and paid a couple of pledges \$10 apiece to help him chalk on to Miami on the sidewalks leading to the gym where the big meeting was to be held the next day.

"When I came in," Seiler recalls, "the Sugar and Cotton people didn't even give me a second look. They weren't worried a bit. Then I brought out my pictures—palm trees, beaches, blue Atlantic Ocean. But especially the girls. I wasn't so dumb that I didn't remember what I used to play for. 'Would you rather go to Dallas?' I said. 'Come to Miami. We'll have ourselves a party.'

"The vote was big in our favor. Then the president of Oklahoma promised he'd call the president of Tennessee to get a match going, and I had a friend of Bob Neyland's call Neyland to get him to be there when the call came in so he could talk it up with his president, and all of a sudden we had two undefeated teams and our biggest game."

"Everybody probably thinks I was rooting for Oklahoma that day. But I

got 8 to 5 and bet \$500 on Tennessee. I sat with my Oklahoma buddies and yelled, 'Go, Oklahoma,' and under my breath I said, 'Hold 'em, Tennessee.' Tennessee won 17-0. We had a fantastic crowd, 32,191, a sellout. We put up big signs: SOLD OUT. Boy, we were happy to see that. When it was all over, we were broke again."

Those who are closest to Seiler, who have worked with him for years and attest to his miracles, say that behind the lion's roar beats a lamb's heart—that he is a man so concerned with people he will not leave the Orange Bowl on a parade night until all the kids have been picked up by their parents; a man so loyal he will not accept a bonus unless his staff members get one, too (which they do, every year); a man so patriotic he weeps when Anita Bryant sings *The Star-Spangled Banner*; a man who prays every night, on his knees; a man who is so attuned to nature that every morning he tiptoes out in his underwear to tend his garden of prize roses. ("Better not say that," says Hal Fleming, his production manager. "Better make it his 'small but beautiful orange grove.'")

Seiler is also so emotional that when, one of his grand designs turns out beautifully—like the 20,000-light 40-by-60-foot American flag, complete with rockers' red glare and bombs bursting in air—he actually cries with joy. And when one doesn't—like the night the queen's float did not light up in all its splendor and the princesses' floats did not light up, and national television captured it all in dying color—he actually cries with pain.

This does not mean that the famous Seiler tantrums are not real, of course. Says one of the faithful: "They're real, all right. You just learn to gear yourself, to steel yourself, and if he starts a conversation with 'old pal' or 'old buddy,' you know you're safe for the time being. In some ways he's a lovable old fraud, Seiler. At one time or another he fires everybody, but he has fired no one. Not for more than an hour or so."

Genuine incompetence, willingly performed, gets the full treatment, however. Seiler once had a publicity director who spent a lot of time "taking mail to the post office." His condition upon returning from the post office (usually in the late afternoon) was such to make him a risk around an open fire. Seiler's foot-



steps down the hall were a signal for the publicist to get on the phone to Joan Crawford ("Can't talk now, Earnie, Joan Crawford's calling long distance"). Seiler was on the publicist all the time about releases that weren't appearing in *The Miami Herald*. When one in particular didn't make it on the scheduled day, Seiler came roaring into the publicity office.

"Where the hell's the story?" he shouted, throwing the sports section down like a gauntlet.

"It's in here somewhere," said the publicity man, thumbing through the paper. "I saw it. Uh, no. I guess you've got the wrong edition. *The Herald* puts out 13 or 14 editions, you know."

"Then you better find it, and if it's the Latin American edition it better be in Spanish," yelled Seiler, and he threw an ashtray against the wall, barely missing the publicity man's right ear. After that Seiler wouldn't let the publicity man go to the post office anymore.

Seiler happened to be listening on an extension when another of his publicists—unlike the rest of his staff, they tend to come and go—called in to explain that a story hadn't made the *Herald* because the reporter who was writing it had collapsed at his typewriter. "But don't tell Seiler, he'll never believe it," said the publicist. Seiler intruded into the conversation. "That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard," he said, and began to laugh. "You're right, too. I don't believe it."

Production Manager Fleming has been fired regularly over the years by Seiler and never missed a paycheck. Fleming is a tall, ruggedly handsome man with graying hair, an ex-ballplayer Seiler took into the fold, first as a houseguest, then as a staff member, 26 years ago when, says Fleming, "all the tools we had around here was what I could get from Woolworth's with a \$2.65 requisition from the city—a hammer, a T square and a saw. Everybody complained that I was spending too much money."

Seiler and Fleming have traveled many roads together, Seiler behind the wheel, gesticulating over his latest brainstorms, Fleming watching carefully in case Earnie should throw his cigarette lighter out the window. "He lights one of his cigars and out it goes. One time we were two miles down the road before he realized he'd done it."



Fleming is a true believer in Seiler's genius. "He could promote anything," says Fleming. "A rock. A sidewalk. He could promote a sidewalk. When it comes to working with his hands, he's something else again. He can put anything mechanical out of whack quicker than anybody, and he can't build doodly. You ought to see the one major project of his life—the most cockeyed cabinet you ever saw. But his ideas are terrific. He knows what he wants, that's the thing."

"All it takes is a piece of angle iron and a two-by-four," says Dan McNamara, quoting Seiler. (McNamara is regarded as Apprentice Genius on the Orange Bowl staff, the man most likely to succeed if Earnie ever relinquishes his throne.)

"Yeah," Fleming continues, "Seiler's mind races so fast he can't keep up. One year he had us put the queen on a big 12-by-12 screw-up prop that worked electrically. He's had props they said were engineeringly impossible—one was 60 feet across, and rotated, with bells and everything. He wanted it that way, and we did it. But this one was electrical, and we had it timed precisely for the halftime show: 50 seconds for the little platform with the queen on it to get to the top. Everybody was huddled under the prop for the big moment, and when it came, Slim Millard brought out the power line to plug it into the connecting cord. Seiler couldn't believe his eyes: two female plugs.

"He screamed bloody murder. He kicked an assistant. 'How can I do anything with you kicking me,' the man said. He screamed at Slim Millard to do something. Slim finally got a pen knife and started cutting one of the plugs off—the hot one. *Pose*. Down he went. Seiler grabbed it, and *pose*, down he went. And Slim grabbed it again, and Seiler was screaming, 'You are trying to electrocute me!' Slim said later he had been through World War II but was never so scared. Finally Seiler himself shoved the hot wires into the female plug from the prop. Sparks flew, but he held on, and up went the queen, just a minute or two off schedule. I stood there through the whole thing, and I laughed myself hoarse. Seiler fired four or five of us that night."

Earnie Seiler's Orange Bowl Festival, the wild dream of half a lifetime ago, now covers 18 days and hundreds of hours of games and events; 14 of those hours get prime-time TV coverage, more than any bowl. The Orange Bowl games themselves frequently match the highest-rated available teams, and every ticket in the house that Earnie built is sold far in advance (except for the two on the 50-yard line that Seiler keeps in his wallet in case another President decides to bring his chef at the last minute). Every year more than 200 bands, some from as far away as Honolulu, request the opportunity to march in Seiler's parade. And

continued

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Games recently published in *Strategy & Tactics* were: GRUNT (ground combat in Vietnam), LOS T BATTLES (naval combat in Russia, 1941-44), USN (the war in the Pacific, 1941-43). Twelve other games have been published in the magazine. Back issues are available for three dollars each.

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every year the revenues increase, and the budget goes up until it is now almost \$2 million, and the end of the spiral is not in sight. There is no telling what comes next.

Seiler, of course, is mum. But he admits to having visions: "If we could get a good enough P.A. system, I'd like to do a version of a Broadway musical like *South Pacific*, with real stars, except bigger than life. What a challenge that would be for a halftime show. Halftime shows are *showy*; they just aren't there to link up two halves of a football game.

"And then I would like to stage *The Overture of 1812*. In fireworks. And after that I . . ."

There was a time not long ago when Seiler would gather his troops together after the bowl game. "the workers," he calls them, the men who handle the ushering and the policing and the float making and the fireworks displays, and they would repair to the south-side dressing room beneath the Orange Bowl superstructure for a special party. It was private, and everybody let his hair down, and Seiler would say, "All right, it's no holds barred tonight." And before long he would make a little speech, "My philosophy," he would say, "is 'never look back—you can't live in yesterday.'" And when the party got wilder, Seiler would gravitate to the blackboard where football coaches show linebackers what they were doing wrong in the first half. And there Seiler would start making arrows and charts and crude sketches, and he would begin to explain his grand design for the next year's festival. "It'll be the greatest," he would say.

Those wild, wonderful parties are now all but forgotten, for in the Orange Bowl operation a considerable amount of sophistication has taken over where once bare enthusiasm ruled. But occasionally the old spirit returns, and there is a flicker of what it once was like.

The other day in Seiler's office, Dan McNamara and Hal Fleming were sitting around, and a couple others came in, and his secretary, Helen Brammer, was at the door, and Seiler began to crank up. "All right," he said in a loud voice. "Let's get back to where we had accomplished nothing."

"But, Sir," said McNamara soothingly, "we're No. 1, remember!"

"That was yesterday," said the Mad Genius, and he began scribbling on a blackboard. END

*FOR THE RECORD*

A roundup of the fortnight Dec. 14-27

**BASEBALL** **ALIA** East Division winner Kentucky had a Christmas gift of sorts for second-place Virginia, and that gift seemed to be a long drive back to Washington after the season's final game. The Cardinals' 10-4 win in Indiana on Monday night at Zellerbach Field was the 150th win over the Pirates. It was the team's 20th win in their last 21 games. The first time the Cardinals had won more than 10 games in a row since 1954.

But the most exciting event in the stadium was probably New York, which always seems to take its fans down to the last second and then to the last pitch. The Cardinals' 10-4 win at Pittsburgh in June ALIA game in Madison Square Garden, many of the New York fans, seated in the Conde Nast Hotel, got up and left the stadium at 10:30 p.m. seven weeks later, leaving only Pittsburgh's 124-123 win. It was New York's fourth straight overtime loss. These are good fans," said Pirates manager Tony La Russa, "and they're not going to leave. It doesn't seem to matter whether you're playing on your team or against them."

[illegible]

**WORLD** **IRON** **FOSTER** who is recognized as light-heavyweight champion of the world by great many body part the World Boxing Association, returned his title to the Professional Boxing Association of the North American Boxing Union in Oklahoma City. While champion **VICENTE** **RONDON** of Venezuela kept busy by slugging Duke Hand in the sixth round in Cleveland.

**JOE NAPOLIS** of Mexico, the world waterskiing champion, won a unanimous decision over Hollywood's Lewis to retain his title in Inglewood, Calif. In the second half of a doubleheader at The Forum, bantamweight champion **RUBEN OLIVARES** of Mexico knocked out Jesus Puente in the 11th.

MUHAMMAD ALI, the top-ranked heavyweight contender, knocked out German Jürgen Blin in the seventh round of their scheduled 12-round bout, in Zurich, Switzerland.

**SOFTBALL** AIC MEANS beat Kansas City 27-24 in the biggest game; 32 innings, 40 strikeouts—out played—and BALTIMORE outslugged Cleveland 24-3 in the division's seventh play-off game (Times 17)

SFC. DALLAS used five interceptions to roll up a 20-12 victory. Meanwhile, wide receivers conference title against SAN FRANCISCO, a 20-0 triumph over Washington (page 15).

[illegible]

**HELPLESS** REHIED FOR KARAN, 49, who resigned as head coach of the Denver Broncos in November as coach of the Buffalo Bills. Aghajanian, who will also be the Bills' representative in charge of football, whatever that title means, joined Buffalo in AFL ranks in 1964 and 1965. **HARLAND SWARTZ**, 41, was named head coach of the San Diego Chargers. Former head coach of the Dallas Cowboys in November, he coached a 2-10 record.

Hired Henry Hillard 44 who introduced the Withers rifles, which is Texas account as found south of Texas ARM he received the first case studies.

**Hired Grant Taff** The former coach at McMane and Angelo State, he replaces Fred Hill at Baylor.

THIRD Race Coach BILL PETERSON, 48, to replace the fired DILLIGHS, 47, in coach of the Houston Oilers. Houston was 4-9-1 under Hughes.

NAMED members of the U.S. Olympic speed skating team, NEIL HATCHER (ORD, 28, silver medalist of 200 seconds) equaled the American record in 500 meters, DOANE HOLLIM, 20, a double medal winner in the 1998 Olympics, and ANNE HERNING, 16, the women's world speed holder in 500 meters, all of Northbrook, Ill. Roundout the 14-man, six-woman team selected at the Olympic Trials in Milwaukee were Tom Carroll, of Wisconsin; Brad Schaefer, of Chicago; Gary Colverson, of Oak Brook; Clark Kenton, of Lincoln, Neb.; and four women, Jennifer Dandashian, of Northbrook; Jennifer Dandashian, of Northbrook; and Jennifer Dandashian, of Northbrook.

**NAMED:** Heavyweight champion JIM BLAZER, Jr. Boxer of the Year, by the Amateur Boxing Writers Association.

**DIED** **DICK TIGER** #42, twice world middleweight boxing champion and once, the light heavyweight title, off a liver ailment in Abu, Nigeria. Tiger, whose career record was 61-11-3, defeated Gene Fullmer for the middleweight title in 1962 and in 1963 he won the new title, regained it from Guadalupe in 1965 and was dethroned by Emile Griffith in 1966. Tiger then won the light heavyweight title from Jose Torres in 1966 and lost it to Bob Foster in 1968 on a knockout, the only one he suffered in his career as a boxer.

**THEP BOBBY JONES**, 69, the only winner of golf's Grand Slam (page 7), the owner of an unprecedented 13 major titles and the designer of the Augusta National course, one of the Masters tournaments, after a 25-year bout with a spinal disorder in Atlanta.

**CREDIT**

4. North Platte 12—Wesley Schumann, 32—Eric  
Clontz, 34—John Lorenz, Hans Rasmussen 17  
Speedy 4, 1st; 38, 19—Tony Tondo, 20—Jesse  
Giles 22, 33—Tony Tondo, 49—Wesley Schumann, 52—  
Eric Schumann, 54, 55—Nate Taylor, 67—Wesley  
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## FACES IN THE CROWD

**BOB PECK**, a junior back at Wayland (Mass.) High, ran for a total of 1,540 yards in eight games to help the Warriors finish with a perfect season and the state Class C championship. He scored 25 touchdowns, 14 of them coming on runs of 50 yards or more.



**MARY KEYS**, a sharp-eyed freshman at East Tennessee State University, scored 589 of a possible 600 points, shooting from three positions at 50 feet, to break three national rifle marks—the civilian, junior and women's—in her second collegiate match.



**GHERAIE BUDDICKS,** 23, of San Luis Obispo, Calif., set a women's world marathon record when she covered the 26-mile, 385-yard distance in 2:49:40, nearly seven minutes better than the old mark, at the Western Hemisphere marathon in Culver City.

**TERRY MOORE**, 32, junior-varsity basketball coach at Marion County High School in Stuart, Fla., directed his team to its 73th consecutive victory, a 50-47 win over Orlando Evans. Moore-coached teams have not lost a game since midseason 1968.



**JOHANNA FORMAN,** 12, of Falmouth, Mass., won her first four races for the Falmouth Track Club. Her best effort was 9:12 for 1½ miles, which gave her the 12-13 age-group title in the Region One (New England, New York, New Jersey) championships in New York.



**JOHN T. DARLING JR.**, 17, a senior at Stamford (Conn.) High, threw an touchdown pass in his last game to tie a state record and lead the Black Knights to a 53-7 victory over Fairfield Prep. Stamford finished at 11-0 and won its second straight state title.

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LEE

Sirs:

Congratulations for giving your Sportsman of the Year award to Lee Trevino (*A Common Man with an Uncommon Touch*, Dec. 20). SuperMex typifies the American ideology that anyone can be successful if he works to attain his goal.

After winning three tournaments in one month, the only thing Lee could do to top that feat would be to part the Red Sea with a nine-iron.

BEN PRITCHETT

Fairmont, W. Va.

Sirs:

Himnah for your choice of Lee Trevino. Terrific!

MARY ANN ANDERSON

Detroit

Sirs:

I am totally appalled at your selection for Sportsman of the Year. I have the utmost respect for Lee Trevino as a golfer and for his ability to spread his charisma from Pebble Beach in Oakland. But Lee will have to play many more years of golf to reach the peak that Roberto Clemente has achieved in a sport that requires every God-given ability. No sporting event holds the public interest as does the World Series, and I am sure you will agree that Roberto completely dominated the Series in 1971.

JOHN MCCALLOUGH

Carnegie, Pa.

Sirs:

You people are unbelievable! What does it take for a harness-racing driver to get the recognition due him, namely SI's Sportsman of the Year award? Herve Filon has totally dominated his sport as no other person has done, breaking his own world records year after year. And this year, proving his skill against the "big boys" at Yonkers and Roosevelt, he has extended his domination.

Lee Trevino is a fine competitor and has contributed much to the excitement of golf. But if your criteria for selecting the Sportsman of the Year include not only excellence but also domination, total mastery and fantastic popular support and recognition within one's sport, then it is inconceivable for you to have ignored Filon.

Finally, this testimony comes not only from an avid sports fan in general, but from one whose family owns a horse that has been laced against—and beaten by—Filon. This love-hate relationship established, my vote goes to Filon.

DANIEL KERTZER

Elizabeth, N.J.

Sirs:

How come your Sportsman of the Year is another professional? According to Webster's dictionary, a sport is something done for diversion, therefore professional athletes do not engage in sport. Professional athletics is big business, as the fans in cities like New York and Washington discover when their favorite teams move out because profits are down.

It is our feeling that sportsmen, and sports-women, of the year should be chosen from the ranks of swimmers and distance runners. These athletes not only expend more time and energy in training than any other athletes, but they have no hope of commercializing on their skills. These are the true sportsmen. If you must recognize outstanding professional athletes, call them Big Businessmen of the Year.

CHUCK VAN DE ZANDT

DRUG VAN DE ZANDT

LaGrangeville, N. Y.

Sirs:

Thank you for making Lee Trevino your Sportsman of the Year. Along with millions of other citizens, I have pulled for this man ever since he won his first U.S. Open and challenged the golfing greats on the pro tour.

Lee represents a chance to dream for every hacker who has ever dared to think of playing winning golf. He is exemplary of the finest sportsmen there have ever been, and my hat is off to you for selecting him as Sportsman of the Year and to Mr. Trevino for being the man he is.

RICHARD D. RORABECK

Beloit, Wis.

Sirs:

Curry Kirkpatrick wrote a super article on SuperMex. It is true that Trevino has added a new dimension to his sport. He has given great inspiration to many athletes, nearly \$25,000 to charities around the world, and great excitement to all his followers.

BORRY SCHRIEVER

Knoxville, Tenn.

## WASHING CANVASBACK

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, by its nature, is not an outdoors magazine, but I cannot praise you enough for the article and paintings on the canvasback duck (*Ultrine Ghosts of Pleasures Past*, Dec. 13). Those few illustrations can do as much for conservation and ecology as countless pages of words on pollution, because they are concrete and representative of a passing age.

Numbers scare me. When one can place a rather exact number on any species, that

species is in trouble. An estimate of millions of canvasbacks would be reassuring, but 100,000? Perhaps there were once a trillion passenger pigeons. Then, suddenly, there was one. Every single living whooping crane is accounted for. Some species die out with the advance of man, others as an aftermath of man and his pollution. No one can predict the order in which species will become extinct, but I have one question: Where on that list is man himself?

Thank you, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, for your part in a new and hopefully powerful conservation movement. Maybe it is not too late.

ALAN D. SMITH

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

It seems as though the canvasback duck is a dead species. In Illinois during November 1970, an estimated 111,000 were counted on Pool No. 19 of the Mississippi River near Keokuk, Iowa by Frank Belone of the Illinois Natural History Survey. This was believed to be about half of the existing North American population of canvasbacks. The bird is in trouble, not from hunters, but from pollution. A diving duck, the canvasback feeds on river bottoms, and pollution has killed its food. Waterfowl biologists believe this is the reason so many of the birds have begun using the Mississippi River on their way to winter homes in the Chesapeake Bay during the past few years.

The canvasback has always been favored by waterfowlers, dating back to market hunting days, because of its tasty meat. Its name comes from the fact that hunters would ship their waterfowl (canvasbacks when they could get them) in canvas sacks with the written instructions, "I want my canvas bag."

GARY C. THOMAS

Springfield, Ill.

Sirs:

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed Ray Cave's story. Having hunted ducks on Saginaw Bay for more than 30 years, I remember the majestic canvasbacks. This article sure puts a lump in my throat as I pass it on to my son and tell him of the old days.

JACK SELLER

Plymouth, Mich.

## REBOUNDING LAKERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine story about the Los Angeles Lakers, *Getting Up and Going After a Title* (Dec. 13). Everyone should realize that the Lakers have the soundest team in the NBA with West, Goodrich, Chamberlain, McMillan and Haerston.

TOM BELL

Summersville, W. Va.

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### 19TH HOLE *continued*

Sirs:

In regard to your fine article on the title-bound Lakers, I would like to offer a few words of praise to the man people hate to praise, namely, Wilt Chamberlain.

Although 35-year-old Wilt is accused daily of being lazy or a troublemaker, his awesome ability to dominate a game has never been equaled by any other player—no, not even Bill Russell. Wilt can outmuscle opponents on the board, intimidate them with his shot blocking and, when needed, flash around them for a dunk. Having watched Wilt for a decade, I often wonder how many championships he could have won with teammates like Sharman, Cousy, Howell, Havlicek, Sam Jones, K. C. Jones, et al.

JIM THOMPSON

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Your Dec. 13 cover photo of Gail Goodrich is reminiscent of a similar SI cover picture of Gail following UCLA's national championship victory over Michigan in 1965. In each case Gail is shown driving around a befuddled—and taller—opponent.

JOHN BRANFIELD

Los Angeles

Sirs:

If it's true that a positive cancels a negative, then congratulations—you've done it. I was somewhat displeased by your earlier (Dec. 25) remarks implying the Los Angeles Lakers were "sinking," because I knew then, as I know now, that this isn't the case at all. They have been transformed into a superbly conditioned, fast-breaking offensive power, thanks to Bill Sharman's methods, and their defense is as stingy as ever. But you have reversed your opinion in the Dec. 13 issue.

SUE BLACK

Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Sirs:

I would like to commend Peter Carry on his article on the Lakers. But isn't he in essence contradicting his article *The Best Team—Ever* (Nov. 15)? He said the Lakers are already in the playoffs and have a chance for the championship. He should have said that they have the championship in their hands and, as the title denotes, they are also getting up and going after the title of Best Team—Ever.

DAVID HARRUP

Gallipolis, Ohio

### DREAM BOWL

Sirs:

Some comments on the past college football season:

Even though the selection of best teams often seems arbitrary, the selection of best conferences need not be. Records of com-

*continued*





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## 18TH HOLE continued

ferences against national competition speak for themselves. At the end of the season winning percentages went like this:

Southeastern Conference .677, against the other major conferences (i.e., the ACC, Big Eight, Big Ten, Pacific Eight and South-west), and .831, against all other opponents.

Big Eight .781, against other major conferences, .771, against all other opponents.

Pacific Eight .409, against other major conferences, .541, against all others.

Southwest—.341, against other major conferences, .531, against all others.

Athletic Coast—.441, against other major conferences, .391, against all others.

Big Ten .371, against other major conferences, .321, against all others.

The selection of bowl teams supports the won-lost columns. The SEC sent its top six teams to bowls, the Big Eight six top four. And before Big Ten advocates protest too loudly, the Big Ten winning percentage against all opponents for the past five years tells the tale: 1967—.411, 1968—.481, 1969—.431, 1970—.431.

Thus it would seem that Alabama's 11-0 record in the SEC is perhaps the season's greatest achievement. Since Paul Bryant returned to Bama in 1958, six SEC teams have battled their way to undefeated, undefeated seasons and SEC titles. Four of them have been Bryant's Crimson Tide. But Bryant is only a step ahead of Bob Devaney of Nebraska, who has produced three undefeated Big Eight champions during his tenure with the Cornhuskers.

All of which goes to make the 1972 Orange Bowl one of the all-time best post-season matchups.

JOHN G. CLARK

Jacksonville, N.C.

## STICKY STATE

Sirs,

Joe Marshall's article on NFL slatvikings (*They Do It by the Numbers*, Nov. 29) was a well-done, long-awaited tribute to the men who infuse an emotional phenomenon like sport with a measure of objectivity. As a former stat man for the Johns Hopkins lacrosse team, I was acutely aware of the subjectivity that nonetheless taints the numbers. When one is seated 40 yards from the goal at ground level (as the rules require) the decision as to whether a missed shot would have entered the goal mouth save for the goalie's stick becomes an agonizing question, and the choice never pleases everyone. Your dedication to reporting the total scope of sport makes your publication uniquely appealing.

STEPHEN STANISKEY

Durham, N.C.

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